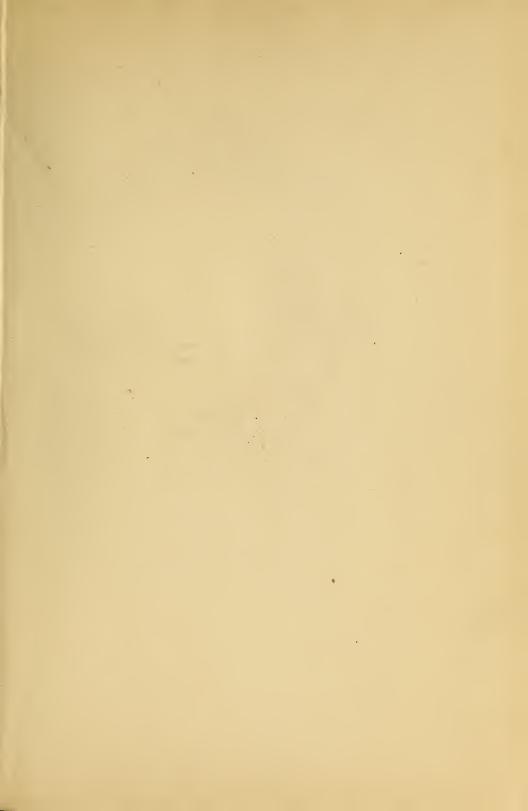


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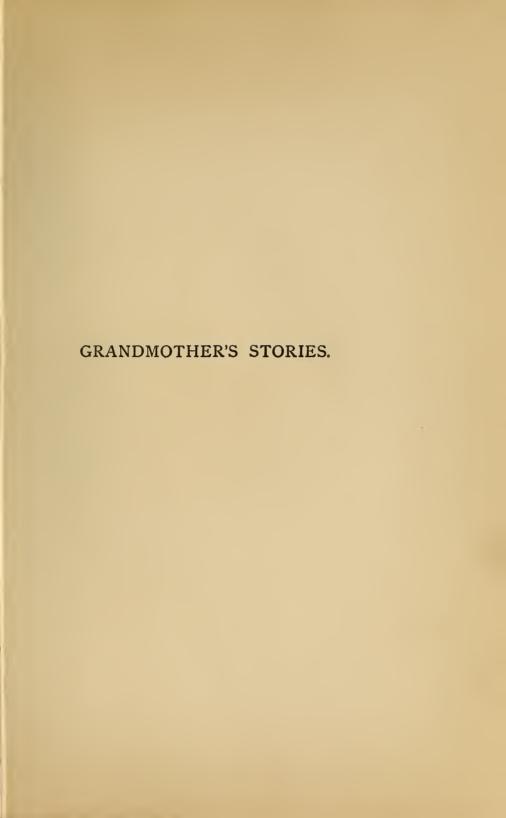
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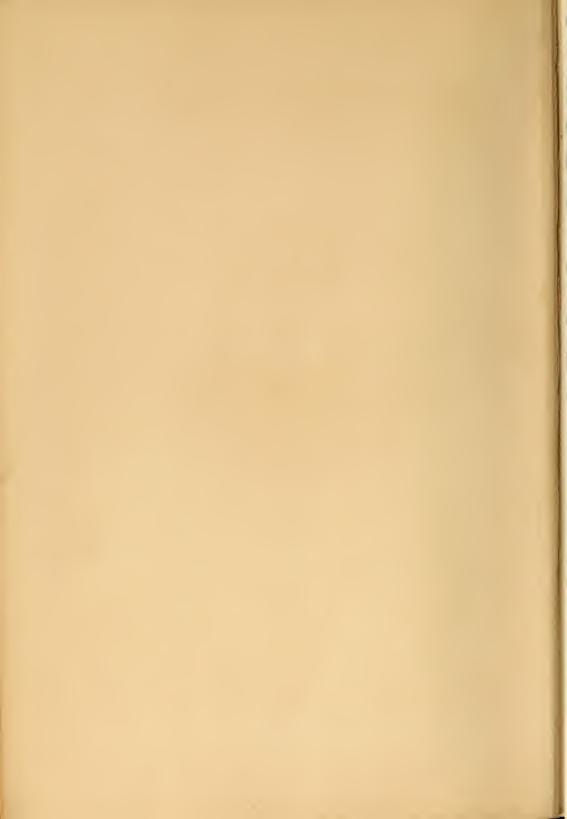
















Her shildren arise up and call her blessed. Prov. XXVI 28.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORIES

FRANCES B. HURLBUT

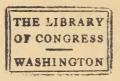
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To

AUNT EMILY WARD,

A Birthday Present

FOR

HER EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY,

MARCH 16TH, 1889,

FROM

ONE OF THE "LITTLE GIRLS."





NEITHER these stories nor any that will ever be written can tell all her worth. To the poor, a friend who spared neither herself, her time, nor her money. To her brother, a guide and counselor. To her sisters' children, a mother. To all good children, a precious aunt Emily.

These stories are written and dedicated to you, dearest auntie and best mother, to help make happy your eightieth birthday. May our heavenly Father, in his wisdom and love, spare you yet longer to love and bless us.

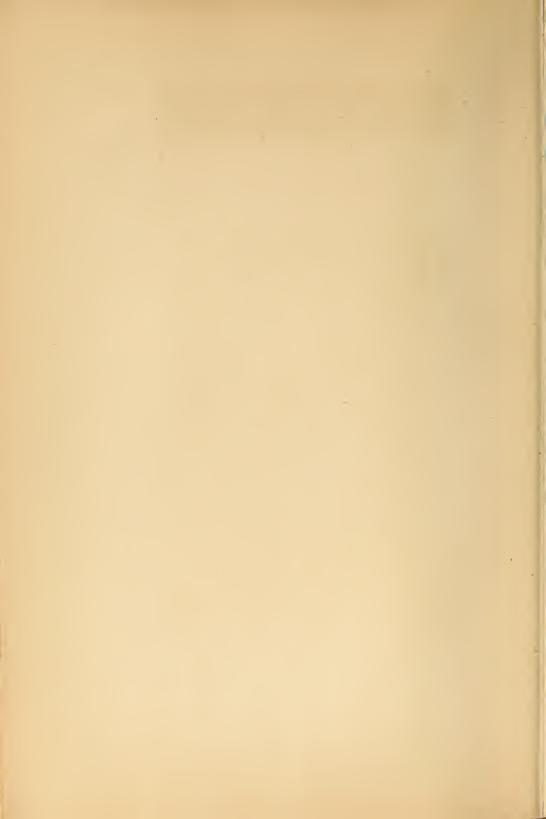
ONE OF THE CHILDREN.

February 7, 1889.



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INTRODUCTION.



HE grandmother of these stories is a lady well known in Michigan for her active benevolence. "Aunt

Emily," as she is affectionately called by all her old friends, and "grandma," as she is called by her adopted children and their children, is a sister of the late E. B. Ward. the well-known iron manufacturer, lumberman, and steamboat owner. His history and the history of the early progress in commerce and manufacture of the Northwest could not be separately written. was a great aid to him in his early business endeavors, in advice, in the opportune loan of money when much needed, and in superintending the fitting out of his fine fleet of steamships, in which she was to have had, in pay for her work, from three to five thousand dollars in stock, according to the size of the boat.

Instead of giving it to her outright, he thought he could handle it more profitably in his own name, but always kept a will made, in which her name was down for a share in proportion to his increased wealth. By his last will she would have received half a million, if the estate had been settled up as her brother expected. But in the process of settling, in some way the residuary part of the estate was lost to the heirs, which included aunt Emily and her adopted children and all of Captain Ward's children by his first wife. Two of these latter children are kindly supported by the bounty of his second wife, who fortunately received some six millions of the estate.

But it was through aunt Emily's association with her brother, and his reliance upon her judgment of character, that she was enabled to assist so many young men, who now in their prosperity fondly look up to her as the author of their advancement in life. She very seldom made a mistake about a young man, and if she said to her brother, "Eber, I think that young man would do well if you had a place for him,"

Eber was pretty sure to give him a place, and the young man was pretty sure to do well.

On the occasion of the celebration of the eightieth anniversary of her birthday she received many letters from these *protegés* of hers, and the burden of them all was, "But for you I never could have been the man I am."

One, after telling what she had done for his pecuniary advancement, adds: "But for your moral plane and its influence on me I should almost be afraid to leave this world; as it is, I am not."

Another says: "Nothing can obliterate the happy memories associated with the days when you were among the few most valued friends of that earlier life. My life has widened since those days, but you are among the widening influences that have made me more of a man than I could have otherwise been."

Another writes: "If the halo of the many acts of love and mercy in which you have borne an active part during these four-score years could illumine your home dur-

ing that celebration, your home will shine with a glory that is not of earth."

Still another says: "I, too, have known the uplifting influence of your strength and courage and nobility of character."

These, though but a small part, show in what light aunt Emily is regarded by very many people.

Her brother also considered her advice valuable in business matters. I once heard him say, as he pointed to a large tract of land that had swallowed up a good deal of money, "That property Emily told me I'd lose money on if I bought it, and I have. I've noticed all my life that the things she said would fail did fail, and the ventures she said would prosper did prosper. She has a fine business head."

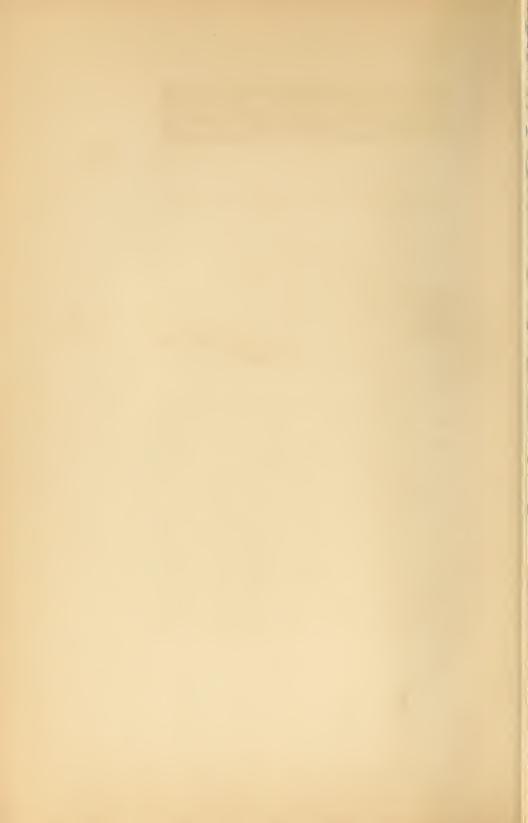
Her life of recent years has been necessarily more limited in its activities both by increasing infirmities and a decreased income. And since her brother's death there have not been the business openings for protegés that she used to command; all that path of usefulness being closed to her.

It is given to but few to have the will and

the capacity and the opportunity combined for such a life-work as hers. I do not overstep the bounds of truth when I say that she never turned away from what she considered her duty, no matter how disagreeable to herself or how hard the work it involved.

I have tried in these stories to give some idea of the good and faithful life she has lived; and if they accomplish that object and are an acceptable memorial of her for her children and grandchildren and other dear ones whom she has loved and fostered, the author will feel that her work is not in vain.







GRANDMOTHER'S STORIES.

EARLY DAYS.

H, grandma, do tell us a story!" and golden-haired Emily turns around in her grandma's lap, and puts her arms around her neck and kisses her sweetly.

"Oh, yes, do," and little Portie runs up and tries to climb on that same lap, and grandma reaches down one hand to help him climb, and as he struggles in his small-boy fashion to reach the coveted spot, he knocks his head on her nose, and off go her gold-bowed spectacles on the floor; whereat Gyp sets up a furious barking, and makes wild attempts to get up on grandma's lap too; and the other little Emily hangs on to grandma's chair and laughs, and wants a seat in the same place; and

the aunties and mammas look on, with smiling faces, to see the fun.

After a time quiet is restored, the spectacles are back on grandma's nose, the children are arranged satisfactorily in and about the lap, and the aunties and mammas are busy sewing, or idle, as it pleases them; and Gyp has sulkily retired and lain himself down where he can keep one jealous eye on the children, and the other eye on a stray fly or two that slyly tickle his nose for him.

And grandma draws a long breath and says, "What shall I tell you? I've told you all the stories I know."

"Oh, tell us about when you were a little girl," the children shout in unison; and aunt Frank says, "Tell us about the New England days, where you were born and lived until you were nine years old."

"Oh, do," beseech three eager little voices; and grandma sighs somewhat, for she has told that story not less than three hundred times, she thinks. But, nevertheless, she launches off bravely, and after a time, seeing the joy on the small faces, gets

interested herself. For grandma everybody knows is happiest when she is making others happy. In the first place, she was born with that disposition; and in the second place, she has cultivated it to that degree that she does n't know herself that that is what makes her happy.

"But I was n't born in New England," she says, "though my father and mother were, and were married in Vermont in 1807."

Grandma does love dates, so every once in a while she tucks in one, and as I like them myself I follow her example. You see a date just settles many things. If you know the date of an incident, you know half there is to be known about it without any telling. For instance, you know how they were dressed; what kind of bonnets they wore, whether of the coal-scuttle kind or the saucer shape; whether their dresses were short and narrow, or long and wide. Then you always know whether it is kneebreeches and pig tails for gentlemen, or long pantaloons and short cropped hair, always a man's clothes are in the extreme: if his trousers are just below his knees, then his hair hangs down on his shoulders; and if his trousers are long enough to be respectable, then his hair is cropped so short that it gives him a kind of naked appearance that makes you uncomfortable to look at him. Then, too, you know who was President; whether it was before railroads and steamboats and telegrams and telephones and all the new things, or after it. Now every one of you most grown-up children know all about 1807 of course. But here grandma is waiting, looking up over her spectacles as much as to say, "What are you talking so long and so prosily about?" so I subside, and grandma resumes.

"No, I was n't born in New England; your great grandfather was a rover, and though I was the oldest of four children, and the youngest was born before I was quite four years old, no two of them were born in the same place, though two of us were born in the same State. And when you consider that there were no railroads at that time, you may know he was a rover indeed."

"I should think so," said golden-haired Emily; and as the other two children thought the same, grandma proceeded. "But when I was most four, just before Abba, the youngest child, was born, my father moved back to Vermont, where we stayed five years."

"Yes," says little Emily, "but you didn't tell us where the others were born."

"Well," says grandma, "I was born in Selina, New York; Sallie was born in Manlius, New York; and Eber was born in Canada. How well I remember crossing the St. Lawrence River one stormy day late in the fall of 1811, although I was but a little bit of a girl. We were in a large sail-boat, and father and the man who owned the boat managed it. It was a dark, cloudy day and very windy when they started, but the wind kept rising instead of falling, and the waves kept growing higher and higher, until it seemed as if every wave would swamp the boat. It required all the skill father had, and he was a good boatman, to keep the craft steady.

"They had no time to notice my poor mother, who sat forward with her two children clasped in her arms in a perfect stupor of terror. Every wave dashed its spray over her, until she was wet through and through, and every time the boat went down into the trough of a sea she shuddered with all the agony of a belief that it would never rise again. She uttered no cry and made no moan, but when the boat at last touched the shore she picked up her baby, and without a word to any one started and ran like a wild deer into the woods.

"Father ran after her, calling upon her, 'Why, Sallie, what is the matter? where are you going?' and when he caught up with her she fell fainting into his arms. It was not many weeks after that when Eber was born, and for a long time they did n't think he'd live, and that if he did live he would be a sickly child, and would never amount to anything. But they were all mistaken," said grandma, and a little smile of pleasure and pride lighted her face.

"Was that uncle Eber?" said little Emily.

"Was it?" echoed big Emily.

"Wa'd it unco Eby?" said the small boy.

"It was your uncle Eber; he is your grand-uncle, you know."

"But to come to the New England days. We lived a very happy and contented life there. I learned how to do housework, and how to spin. I remember when I was seven I was n't satisfied unless I spun as much yarn as Huldah Seymour did, a girl in the neighborhood who was sixteen. I thought I was a woman, and ought to do a woman's work. Father was away almost all that time with uncle Sam on Lake Ontario, carrying troops back and forth, for three years of the five were during the war of 1812 to 1815, when it closed.

"One incident that happened about this time made a very strong impression upon my mind. I must have been six or seven years old. I remember it was after dark, for mother had a candle in her hand when she went to the door in response to a great rap; when she opened it a big, burly, ugly looking man in soldier's clothes walked in. He said he wanted to stay there all night. My mother told him he could n't stay there, she had no room for him; but she told him there was a tavern (there were no hotels in those days) a little ways off. He

said he had n't any money, and he could n't go to the tavern. She said there were plenty of places he could stay near by, but he could n't stay there; and after more conversation, that kept growing louder and uglier on his part, he, with a great oath, knocked the candle out of her hand, and heaven knows what he would have done; but as the candle went out a blow from a heavy fist struck him in the face, another blow knocked him down, and then somebody sat on him and pommeled him so fast that he could n't defend himself."

Here the children clasped their hands, and their eyes grew big and round.

- "'For God's sake, madam,' he implored, 'don't kill me, I will go away.'
 - "No reply, but more pounding.
- "'For God's sake, madam, let me up! I'll never strike a woman again. Don't kill me!' he cried.
- "After he was well punished he was told to get up, and the candle was lighted, and the fellow discovered that it was n't a woman at all who had been pounding him, but a big, broad-shouldered man.

"You see I had not liked the looks of him, nor the manner in which he spoke to my mother," said grandma; "so I had slipped out of the back door and run over to uncle Josh, who lived near by, and told him there was an ugly man talking to mother, and I wanted him to come with me right away. He put on his hat, and we walked quick, and then waited on the porch and looked through the window, so he could both see and hear what the fellow intended. As soon as he knocked the candle out of mother's hand, uncle Josh opened the door and sprang upon him, with the result I just told you."

"Oh," said golden-haired Emily, "ain't I glad uncle Josh pounded him."

"And I, too," said little Emily.

"And me too," echoed baby Portie.

"Well," said grandma, "your uncle Josh, though he was your great grand-uncle, was a good man, for after asking the man a few questions, and giving him a little good advice about treating helpless women and children, he gave him fifty cents to pay for his lodging and food at the tavern. Fifty

cents went farther in those days than they do now," said grandma, thoughtfully.

"Did l'at man hurt your mamma?" said Portie, wistfully.

"Oh no, my dear, but he intended to," and grandma kissed the eager little face. Then two other pairs of lips were put up for a kiss, and little Emily said, "Oh, tell us another story;" and the other children said, "Oh do." But grandma replied, "Let us wait until to-morrow;" and the mammas said, "Yes, children, you go and play now," and rose to get their little bonnets and call Chloe the nurse. Then the children slipped off grandma's lap, and away they went with Gyp barking at their heels; and grandma went to her writing table and began to write letters, and the aunties picked up books and began to read, and all was still for a time.





LOST ON THE MOUNTAINS.

RANDMA sat in her big easy-chair with Gyp and the baby in her lap, and the two little Emilys sat in their little chairs near by, leaning on her, and looking up eagerly at her so as not to miss a word.

Now I must tell you some more about these children, who they were, and how they looked. The two little Emilys were cousins only six months apart in age, and at this time they were six and six and a half years old. But the oldest Emily was a little bit of a thing, with light brown hair and the cunningest little face in the world; and the youngest Emily was a great big girl for her age, with bright, golden, curling hair and the rosiest cheeks imaginable; and as they were both named after their grandma, they were distinguished by the adjectives big and little. The oldest Emily

was little Emily, and the youngest Emily was big Emily. We often called her "Golden-Hair."

The baby was big Emily's little brother, and a big baby he was, too, for he was three years old, and considered himself a rather important personage, as babies are apt to do; and he was so considered by every member of the family, especially grandma, who showed her partiality for him in a way that amused his aunt Frank very much. For when his mamma would correct in any way his little sister Emily, grandma would look very complaisant, and say, "Florence" (that was the children's mamma's name), — "Florence is a very judicious mother; she manages her children exceedingly well." But if from the upper regions of the nursery a wail would issue, as from a spanked or closeted boy, grandma would immediately look serious, assume a keenly listening attitude, and say, with some asperity, "Florence ought to be careful how she punishes that boy. He is a very delicate child, and should be managed with great tenderness. I think she is a great deal too severe with him," and grandma's eyes would flash ominously. But I will say for her that she had the good sense never to interfere, at least with what was done up-stairs.

Grandma herself was a fine, plump old lady, with a pair of the keenest gray eyes and a look of the greatest benevolence, as there ought to be in a woman who had spent her whole life doing good. And Gyp, — well, he was a dog that knew most everything; he could play ball as well as a boy, and had as good as saved grandma's life twice, though he was a little fellow that you could easily hold in your lap. Of course there were mammas and aunties around, but they are of no great consequence, and as for uncles, we don't mention them.

"What am I to tell you about this time?" said grandma.

"Tell us about being lost on the mountains," replied one of the mammas, and grandma proceeded.

"My mother had told my sister Sallie and me that if we were good little girls we might go raspberrying up on the mountains, when efforts to be good, for we thought that would be great fun. When the day came we were in high spirits only dampened by the thought that Eber and Abba could n't go too. Abba whimpered and Eber looked sorrowful, but mother said they were too small to take, on such a long walk; so they watched us, as they hung on the gate, until we were out of sight. Mother had put us up a nice lunch in the pails we were to fill with berries, and we started off with very light hearts and happy faces.

"The house we lived in was not far from the foot of the steep side of the mountain; but we could not climb that, so we took the road that wound up the mountain in quite a different direction, and which was not at all steep. We were as happy as two children could well be, and sister Sallie, who was a spry and active little girl, would skip about and pick up every pretty flower and stone she fancied. She was very slender, and very pretty, I thought, while I was a great, big, thick-set, clumsy girl, and considered myself homely."

"I know you were just as pretty as Sallie!" exclaimed both Emilys, with great earnestness.

"No, I was n't," said grandma; "but though she was only fifteen months younger than I was, I thought I must take care of her. It was not so very far, not more than two miles"—

"Two miles!" cried little Emily and big Emily in one breath.

- "before we reached a place where the berries were very thick. It did n't take long to fill my pail, and then I helped Sallie fill hers, for she never could work very fast, and she'd eat as many as she'd put in the pail; but I thought I must fill my pail first, and eat afterwards. After that we sat down under a beautiful big tree and ate our lunch, and I can remember now how gayly the birds sang and how lovely everything looked. After we had lunched and played about a little while. I told Sallie we must start for home, for it was a long walk; so we put on our sun-bonnets and picked up our little pails, that were full of the ripe berries, and started for home, as we thought.

"We walked a long time in the unthinking, joyous way children have, when it occurred to me that we were on the wrong path; but I did n't tell Sallie, for I knew that it would frighten her, and that she would cry; so I kept going on, hoping to find the right one. After a while I saw that we had been going up the mountain all this time instead of down, and that we were lost. Then I had to tell Sallie, and she sat down and cried, just as I expected. Her imagination was very strong, and she thought we would have to stay out there all night, and that we would be eaten by the bears. I did n't know myself but that might come to pass, but I knew if we were to get out that night it would depend upon me to do it; so I told her not to cry, but to come with me, and I would find a way home.

"She dried her tears and picked up her pail, and we started; for she believed that everything I said I would do I could do. We changed our course, but by this time we had got far from any paths, and as I did n't really know where to go I just walked on and on. After a good deal of very hard

walking we came to the brow of the mountain that overlooked our house.

"'See!' I shouted with joy; 'there's mother's house!'"

"'Yes,' said Sallie, 'but how are we ever to get to it?' and her eyes scanned the nearly perpendicular side of the mountain.

"I must say I felt very much dismayed at the prospect. I didn't think we'd ever get back by the road, for I feared we could n't find it; but I said more cheerfully than I felt, 'Oh, we can do it easy enough; you just follow me.' At first it was n't very bad, - not so very steep, - and we got on pretty well; but after a while it grew steeper, and we had to walk with great care; and then it grew worse and worse, and Sallie sat down and began to cry. 'Oh, mother, mother,' she said, 'why don't you come and help your little girls? We will never get home; the bears will eat us up, — there is one now!' and she started up and screamed in terror; but it was nothing but a black stump in the distance.

"I wanted to cry too, but I knew if I did she would be so terrified she would n't be able to walk a step, so I said, 'Come, Sallie, we must hurry if we want to get home tonight; give me your pail, and then you'll have nothing to manage but yourself.'

"I took the pail, and fastened it and my own around me somehow, I can't remember how, so that I could have my hands free. I told her I'd go ahead, and that wherever I stepped she could step, — whatever would hold me would hold her, as she was n't so heavy as I. This comforted her, and she wiped away her tears, and we started.

"Very soon the side of the mountain grew so steep that we could only move very slowly, first putting one foot down very carefully on a little projection and trying it to see if it would hold, in the mean time hanging on with our hands to any little shrub that grew near by. Sallie followed in my steps: wherever my foot had been, hers came after; what twigs had held me held her as she followed. So she felt quite at her ease, as she could climb like a squirrel, and she knew there was safety in following my steps.

"Sometimes a slight pressure would send the sand and gravel from under my foot, and away it would go rattling down the mountain; then I would try for another and firmer foothold. No one but children or monkeys could ever have made that descent," said grandma, thoughtfully.

Here the two Emilys heaved a great sigh, but they did n't speak, so anxious were they to hear the rest.

"Well, we had gone on in that way quite a while, and were beginning to feel comparatively easy in our minds. We had only about eighty feet farther of the steep side to go, and then a gentle descent of woods would take us to the fields, where two men were working; across the fields was home, where mother and Eber and Abba were waiting for us.

"I knew mother was wondering where we were, and I was afraid she would n't like it because we had stayed so long. While I was thinking of it all my foot slipped, the twig I was holding broke, and down, down I went, thumping against the slight projections, scratched by the shrubs and scraped

by the stones. In the midst of it all I thought of my precious berries, and tried to save them, but it was of no use.

"When I got to the bottom the berries were all spilt, and I thought every bone in my body was broken. I lay quite still for a time, unable to move. Sallie was clinging to the twig she had last taken hold of, afraid to stir, and screaming at the top of her lungs.

"The men in the fields were not very far away, and they soon came running to the spot to see what the screams were about, and very thankful I was to see them. I was covered with blood, my clothes were torn, my face and hands and body were all scratched up, but I was thinking more how we could get Sallie down from her perch than I was of myself.

"Nothing we could say would induce her to take another step; she knew she would fall if she did, and *that* would kill her.

"I shouted back, 'It did n't kill me, and it won't kill you if you do fall!'

"But even that had no effect, and the men had to go a roundabout way up the mountain, get poles and fasten them together, and reach them down for her to take hold of, so they could pull her up. The end of the pole she was to take hold of had a projecting branch, so that if she once grasped it she could n't slip off.

"Even after the pole was lowered to her she was afraid to take hold, afraid to let go the twig for fear she'd fall, and nothing would persuade her to let go of the one and take hold of the other unless I would stand up and hold my apron out directly under her, so that if she fell she would fall into my apron."

Here grandma, with a tear in her eye, said, "You see, Sallie was such a child,—only six; and she thought nothing bad could happen to her if I only stretched out a hand to help her."

"And you were only a little more than seven," observed one of the mammas.

"So, all bruised and bleeding and aching, I got on to my feet, and held my apron out under the dear child. With perfect faith that now everything was all right, she took

hold of the pole, and was soon drawn up to a place of safety.

"One of the men took her in his arms and carried her down; and when they got down the other man took me in his arms, for I was too bruised to walk. They carried us home to mother, who you may be sure received us joyfully."

Here the children put up their faces to be kissed. They could n't think of any other way to express their joy that everything had turned out right.



A THOUGHTLESS LITTLE GIRL.

HE next day the children and mammas and aunties were in grandma's sitting-room, ready for stories, and after the usual question, "What shall I tell you?" had been satisfactorily answered, grandma began.

"This happened," said grandma meditatively, as she looked up over her gold-bowed spectacles, "the fall after I was seven years old. That year was called the 'starving year' for many years after, for the crops had failed entirely in many places, and in none was there a full crop; so that many people who had good farms and houses had hard work to get all they wanted to eat. Grandfather Ward had sent wagon-loads of provisions to uncle Zael's and uncle Nathan's families in Scroon, and grandfather Potter had sent supplies to the Wyman aunts. Their crops had failed, and they had n't raised enough to keep them from starving.

"I remember it well, and how sorry I felt for the poor people who had nothing to eat. We had enough, though we did n't eat any white bread that year. Corn bread, and rye and indian, was all we got, but that was more than a great many had. An incident that occurred that year made a very strong impression on my mind, though I was so young.

"A good many of the little school-girls were going up on the mountains one Saturday to get blueberries. Mother had said I might go too. She filled a basket full of dinner for me, for we were going to stay all day. We had a merry walk up the old mountains, and found the berries thick. We worked hard and picked fast, and by noon we were quite hungry. We found a nice, pretty place on some rocks that overlooked a deep chasm, and sat down under the trees to eat our lunch.

"The poor little girls who had none sat a little way apart, and ate their berries, looking sorry and hungry, and a little ashamed, too, because they were poor. I could n't stand that, so I walked over quietly and divided my dinner among them."

"Did n't you keep anything for yourself?" said big Emily, opening her blue eyes wide.

"No, not a bit. I had had a good breakfast that morning, and they had n't; I should have a good supper when I got home, and they would n't: so I gave it all to them. Mother had put up a good deal, thinking, doubtless, that there would be some who had none.

"But there was one little girl there who had a basket full of good things, white bread and cake and dainties, which none but those who were rich could have that year. She sat and talked with the other children who were eating about how rich her father was, and what good things they had to eat; and when she had eaten her fill she stood up on the rock and threw what she had left down the mountain, and said, 'That is to feed birds.' The poor hungry little girls looked wistfully at her, thinking how much they would have liked those pieces.

"I shall never forget how I felt, nor how wicked I thought that little girl was to throw away food that was needed so much.

I told my mother when I went home, and she said 'that the little girl was thoughtless, but that it was a wicked thoughtlessness to waste what would feed the starving."

"She was a naughty little girl," said Portie, shaking his curls. "Tell us another story, grandma."



A LONG SLEIGH-RIDE.

HIS time the children were rather cross. They all wanted to sit on grandma's lap, and they did n't any of them intend to give way to any of the others; and to add to the confusion little Eber, from the other house (the other house was uncle Eber's house, and little Eber was his youngest boy), who was just Portie's age, had come over, and he did n't want to sit anywhere, but to go off and play with Portie.

Now, Gyp was already in grandma's lap; he had a way of getting in between grandma and the child on her knee, and very politely and shrewdly, and apparently without the least intending it, shoving the child to the edge of the lap, so that it would slide off itself. The children knew that by experience, and they did n't intend to let Gyp stay there; but he had the floor, so to speak, or rather the lap, and he was barking vigor-

ously, and defending his position with some skill against the combined attacks of the foe; and there is no telling what would have happened if the mammas and the aunties had n't come to the rescue, and deposited the children around in small chairs, while Gyp, grinning from ear to ear, his tongue lolling out and his tail waving triumphantly, held the fort, — I mean the lap.

Grandma had n't said anything during this period of confusion and anarchy, but when quiet was restored, as usual she wanted to know "what story they wanted," and as usual one of the grown-ups spoke up and said, "This time tell us about the sleigh-ride through New York from Vermont to Pennsylvania."

"In the fall of 1817," said grandma, making a sudden beginning, as if she thought the sooner she got at it the sooner it would be over, "your great-grandfather went down to Kentucky, in order to make a sale of salted white fish that he had taken in the way of trade with the Indians and white inhabitants who had settled along the shores of Lakes Huron and Erie. He made a suc-

cessful trip, from a financial point of view, and was exceedingly pleased with the country, the climate, and the inhabitants; so much so that he made up his mind to move his family there the coming winter.

"My father was a true pioneer," said grandma; "he never went to a new place but he wanted to pick up all his household and move there. He ought to have been a Methodist minister, and then I don't know that moving once a year would have satisfied him. I remember that as a very young child I hated it, and I thought when I had a home of my own I never would move, and I never did but once.

"My father was a great reader, and though not an active politician took great interest in all political events. He was an ardent Whig, and later on a Free-Soiler and an Abolitionist."

Here the children yawned and rustled around in their chairs, but grandma did n't take any notice.

"I remember hearing him say, when he came back from Kentucky, that it was a paradise in everything but slavery, but that

that was a great evil, and sooner or later there would be war between the North and South on account of it. 1817 was early in the day for such a prediction, and showed that your great-grandfather had a clear head.

"The day after the Christmas of 1817 we started on the long journey."

Here the children recovered their animation.

"Father, mother, and four children were snugly tucked away in a long sleigh. was covered with strong canvas, something after the manner of the emigrant wagons you see pictures of. Three long chests, full of linen and clothing and what household stuff it was thought best to take, were arranged as seats; and feather-beds, covered with some kind of cloth to keep the ticks clean, were put in the bottom of the sleigh, so that we children could lie down, or sit there and play if we wanted to. The sleigh was drawn by two stout horses, and though we felt a little sorry at leaving the uncles and aunts and grandparents, the sorrow was somewhat counterbalanced by the extraordinary preparations that had been made, and the prospect of such a long ride into the beautiful country that father talked so much about.

"I remember the tears in mother's eyes made me more unhappy than anything else, as we rode away from the Vermont home that cold winter morning, amidst the tears and good-bys and God-bless-you's from those who were left behind. A long journey, in those days, into the western wilds of Ohio, Kentucky, or Michigan usually meant that those who went would never return, and that they saw for the last time the dear home of their childhood. It was a sad parting for the older ones. But we children were too young to think much about that. A certain chest full of mince pies, doughnuts, fruit cake, bread, preserves, apples, and other goodies filled the imaginations of the other children, and lay a sweet thought in my own mind, - though I would n't have said so, for I felt I was too old for such childishness, - and undoubtedly allayed some of the pangs of parting. Then, too, children were not petted so much by their aunts and uncles as they are nowadays, and therefore were not so fond of them.

"It was a very cold winter, — the snow creaked all the way from Vermont to Aurora, at the western end of New York; but we did n't feel cold, for we were very warmly dressed in flannel from head to toe, both inside and out. Everything we children had on, except one undergarment, was made of the good strong flannel that every thrifty New England family had an abundance of. Almost every family spun wool from their own sheep; but if they had no sheep, they bought wool and spun it."

"What is sheeps?" said little Eber; but his nurse said, "Hush," and grandma went on:—

"Though I was but a little girl, not quite nine, I had helped spin the wool that had been woven into our clothes, and I felt a great pride and satisfaction in it. I thought more of those dresses than I ever thought of much finer dresses that I have had since."

"Grandma," said big Emily, "did you make the cloth too?"

"No; a good old woman, who lived at

the foot of a great hill, all alone, with nobody but her big gray cat for company, did our weaving for us. We children used to like to watch the shuttle fly back and forth, and hear the click of the treadles after the shuttle had gone through. But I am wandering from the story.

"The New York of 1817 was not the New York of to-day, covered with fine farms and rich cities, and traversed by splendid roads; with railroads everywhere, and steamers on all the navigable waters. There was not a railroad in the whole world then"—"Oh, oh!" cried the children—"and not many steamboats; none at all on the Great Lakes and big Western rivers. And as for New York, it had very few good roads, comparatively few farms, and only two cities of any size,—Albany and New York.

"Buffalo was a little town of five hundred people, situated in a wilderness, and Rochester had just been incorporated as a village.

"But it did n't make any difference to us whether there were any cities or towns in the State or not, as long as father and mother were with us, and we had plenty to eat and were warm and cozy in the sleigh. I don't remember what route we took. I can remember is that we rode day after day through forests that stretched along for miles. Once in a while we would come across a clearing with a log house, and a woman and children would look out of the window. Every noon we would stop at some such place and eat our lunch, and father would have cider heated for us to drink, to warm us up. At night we would stop at some log tavern, where we would sleep, and eat a hot supper and breakfast in a big room that was both kitchen and dining-room. Sometimes, at a village like Utica or Syracuse, we would stay at a better tavern. But everything was primitive, in this country, in those days, and people lived hard and fared hard; but they were healthier and hardier than they are now," and grandma looked about on her rather delicate descendants as if she did n't like the change.

"Yes," she said, "I could do more work when I was your age than you four girls put together."

Grandma always called the mammas and aunties "girls," as if they were still little; and the "girls" smiled at grandma, and the children looked at their mammas and aunties, and thought they were great grown-up women, ever so old.

"Grandma, did you see bears?" said Portie.

"No, I don't remember that I did, but we kept looking out for them all the time, especially Eber; and we heard the wolves howl sometimes, nights when we would be out late, and occasionally saw a panther slinking along. It was so cold that all the little animals had gone into their holes, and all the birds had gone South, and snow was everywhere.

"Driving along one morning, we overtook a team that was moving household goods. A boy of ten was hanging on behind, and he looked very cold. Father shouted to the boy's father that the child was almost frozen, but the man paid no attention. When we got to the tavern the boy was nearly dead; he could not walk and could scarcely speak. They started to carry him

into the warm room, but my father would not let them, and made them take him into a cold room, strip him, and rub him with snow until he was warm. I remember father said, 'That man is n't fit to have children.'"

"No, indeed," said the children.

"And I thought what a good father we had to keep us so warm and comfortable. Every morning and noon he would have bricks heated through and through and wrapped up in cloth and put in the sleigh, so as to keep it warm for us.

"So we rode on and on every day but Sundays, for six weeks, when we got to Willinick, in the western part of New York. Willinick is called Aurora now.

"Here father and mother each had a sister married to two brothers by the name of Lewis, and it was here that father was sick six weeks with pleurisy, and came very near dying. We children did n't enjoy the stay at Willinick half as much as we did the sleigh-riding, and very glad we were when father was well enough to start off again.

"But it did n't take but a few days longer to get to Watertown, in Pennsylvania, where we were to stay until navigation opened. Watertown was on French creek, and French creek was a branch of the Alleghany, and the Alleghany a branch of the Ohio.

"We were to take a boat, you see, at Watertown, and ride until we got to the Alleghany River, then down the Alleghany to the Ohio River, and there was Pittsburg, a thriving little town even at this early date; from there on the Ohio to Cincinnati, another thriving little town. From there we were to go by land to Lexington, Kentucky.

"We children were delighted with the idea of such a long ride on the water, especially Eber, who always had a boat of some kind if there was any water to float it, if it was only a toy boat in a tub. We expected to do a good deal of fishing and splashing our hands in the water, and have unknown joys that we could n't even imagine, for children are always expecting the impossible.

"But all our happy anticipations were brought to an end by our mother's death, which changed our father's plans entirely, and altered the whole course of our lives."



MY MOTHER'S DEATH.

H, what a sad time it was when my mother died!" and grandma's lips trembled, as if the memory of it were as fresh and bitter in her mind as if it had occurred last year instead of seventy years ago.

"We had rented half of the house of a good Quaker family, and were to stay there until the ice was out of the river. How well I remember coming in one morning with the other children, and seeing mother kneading some bread! She seemed in distress. After kneading it awhile on the table she put the bread bowl in a chair, and then on the table again. I saw she was in pain, and I said, 'Mamma, are you sick?' and she replied, 'Yes, I don't feel very well.' 'I'll knead the bread for you,' I said. 'Do you think you can do it, my child?' she asked. 'Oh yes, indeed, I can.'

"Then she went into the bed-room and

began to undress. Father came in at that moment, and he said, 'Why, Sallie, are you sick?' She answered, 'Yes, Eber, I am very sick.'

"He helped her to bed, and they talked awhile, and then he went out after a doctor and some women to help take care of her. They would n't let me stay in the room much, but once, when they were all out, I went in, and mother asked me to bring her a drink of water. I got it for her, and while I was getting it I wiped the tears off my face, so she would not know I had been crying. When I handed her the water she looked at me long and earnestly, and said, 'Why, my little daughter, you have been crying; what is the matter?'

"I burst into tears then, and said, 'Oh, mother, I'm afraid you are going to die.' She replied, 'I hope not, my little daughter; but I never was so sick before in my life;' and then she said, while looking at me mournfully, 'You must be a good little girl, and mind your father and take good care of your little brother and sisters.'

"Ah," said grandma, while the tears

rushed into her eyes and rolled down her cheeks, "I never forgot her look and her tone of voice, nor what she said, and I obeyed her as long as they all lived.

"At night we children were sent up-stairs to bed, but I could not sleep. I rolled and tossed about for a long time; finally, I got up and dressed, and went and sat on the stairs. I shall never forget what a wonderful moonlight night it was, and how the bright beams streamed in through the windows, and how it glorified everything in-doors and out, and how still and solemn everything seemed.

"Once the door of mother's room was opened for a moment, and I slipped in; but a woman told me to go out, and I went. In the mean time father had sent to Erie, fifteen miles away, for another physician; and towards morning one came, but not the one that was sent for, for he was away. He examined mother carefully, gave her some medicine, and said the danger was over now and she would be better soon, but that he was going to the tavern, and would be back in an hour.

"Then the women went home, for they all had household cares, and the good Quaker lady asked father and us children to take breakfast with her. Father could not go, and I said I could not eat, and I did not want anything. Mother was very quiet, but soon she looked up and asked for a drink. I brought it to her, and father took the glass to help her, but she could not swallow the water; he laid her gently back on the pillow, and with two or three long-drawn sighs she was gone."

Here grandma wiped the tears from her eyes. "Oh, but she was a good mother," said she, "and the lessons of neatness and industry and right-doing she taught me I never forgot; what I would have done without them in the trying years that followed I don't know. I never went to bed, after she died, without seeing that the children were fast asleep, and that the fire was fixed so that no accident could happen, and without making every preparation for the morning's work.

" I used to lie awake at night thinking of mother, wondering if she knew how hard I

tried to be a mother to the children, and to make father happy, and to do my duty; and many a night I have cried myself to sleep, holding my youngest sister in my arms.

"Once, in one of these vigils, I thought I saw her. The moon was shining bright, and I was just as wide awake as I am at this moment. Right by the bed, leaning over me, I saw her dear face, just as she looked in life, only more beautiful, gazing at me with such a yearning look of love, and yet so peaceful and contented; and she said to me, 'My little daughter, do not mourn for me; be a good little girl, take care of your little brother and sisters, and all will be well.' Then she seemed to melt away.

"It comforted me more than I can say. I used to think about it a great deal, and I felt as if I had indeed seen my dear mother, and that what she said was true."

"Did n't she ever come again?" said golden-haired Emily.

"Never," said grandma; "and later in life I thought possibly I might have dreamed it, but it did n't seem so at the time."



WE GO TO NEW SALEM.

FTER my mother died, father did not know which way to turn. He had loved her dearly, and it seemed to take from his life all there was of value.

"Uncle Sam wrote to father from New Salem, Ohio, a little town on Lake Erie, now called Conneaut, telling him he must not take his motherless little children to such a far-off country as Kentucky, where he had no relatives to help him look after them, but to come to him, and he and his wife would help him take care of them until he could get settled.

So we turned our course and went to Erie by land, and there we took a boat, and went the rest of the way by water.

"Taking a boat at that time and on Lake Erie did n't mean getting on board a pretty steamer with handsome saloons and comfortable state-rooms, but it meant a big, open sail-boat, something like the fishing-boats they have at Mackinaw now.

"One rather rugged, squally day in April, we children and the household goods were snugly packed away in such a boat, and father and the man who owned it were to sail it. It seemed to me a very different thing from what I had expected in the sail down the various rivers to Cincinnati. Mother was gone,—gone never to return; to heaven, they said, but where was heaven? We did not know, but we did know that we were left alone with father, who had always been away from home so much that we did n't feel well acquainted with him, and that we had no mother to care for us, to direct us, and to love us.

"I felt that my own responsibility for the younger children was great, and I tried to do everything for them that mother had usually done.

"I know this particular morning we sat very still and quiet, not talking even to each other, and father had been so occupied in his various duties that he had only paid us the necessary attention of seeing us safe in the boat. "We had sailed for some time, when we stopped, and father and the man hauled the boat up on the beach, unloaded the goods, and helped us children out; then they got back, pushed off, pulled up the sails, and made off. We watched them for a while in silent amazement; but as father neither spoke nor even looked back where we were, and the boat kept sailing on and on, we looked at each other and burst into tears.

"'Oh,' sobbed Abba, the youngest child, 'mother is dead, and father has gone and left us to starve, and there is no one to take care of us!' and she threw herself on the ground, and cried aloud with grief and terror. Sallie did about the same thing; but though Eber and I cried too, for we thought father had gone and left us to die, we also had to think.

"After the first transports of grief were over we began to plan what we should do. Eber said he would n't die there; he'd walk up to New Salem, and uncle Sam would take care of him, and he'd take us too; he was n't afraid of bears; he'd carry

Abba half the way, and I could carry her the other half; and as for Miss Sallie, he said, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, she could just walk herself.

"I can see him now," said grandma: "a short, stout boy of only six years, but with the pluck of a man. I agreed to what he said; and while we were in the midst of our plans for the journey, and trying to soothe Sallie and Abba, lo and behold! there was the boat, and father and the man were already hauling it up on the beach.

"We wiped the tears from our faces as quickly as we could, but even father's preoccupied eyes could see that something unusual had happened.

"'Well, my little children,' he said, 'what is the matter? Why have you been crying?'

"The revulsion of feeling was too much for us, and we all began to cry again, and with a voice broken by sobs Abba told him that we thought our mother was dead, and that our father had gone and left us to starve.

"'My poor children!' he said, while the

tears rolled down his face; 'how could you think so! I supposed you knew what we intended to do.'

"The harbor of Erie is protected on one side by a long, narrow strip of land that runs quite a distance out into the lake, and as that day the water was very rough father thought he would leave us children and the baggage while he took the boat around the point of land, come up on the other side, take us on board again, and so save us from being sea-sick in the high waves that were running farther out.

"After he had explained it to us we felt a good deal ashamed that we had thought so hardly of our father, who had always been good to us.

"We didn't go far that day. The wind blew very hard off shore, and the waves kept growing higher and higher, so that in spite of all care one would, every now and then, dash over the boat. The clouds too, grew heavier and blacker, and it began to rain, so that we had to go on shore.

"It was not an easy thing to get the boat on the beach without swamping it, with the wind and the water both trying to toss it a hundred different ways.

"We children sat in silence, nestled close together towards the forward part of the boat, watching with the keenest interest the wild play of the waves and the winds and the clouds. Once in a while Abba would dive her head into my lap to shut out the scene that terrified her, but Eber sat with his hands in his pockets, perfectly calm, and apparently enjoying everything. Sometimes when a towering wave would seem to be threatening to swamp boat and crew and passengers, he would look a little keener-eyed than usual, and as the boat would rise upon the wave a long-drawn sigh would be all the evidence of excited feeling he would give. Sallie clung to me in silent terror; and as for myself, I did n't have any time to be afraid, I was thinking so much of soothing the fears of Sallie and Abba.

"We got ashore safe enough, but wet to the skin. The boat was pulled up on dry land and turned bottom up, so as to protect the household stuff from the rain that was now coming down in torrents; and we children and father and the man crawled under it, too, until the rain should stop, when they would fix a camp; for there was no getting out of the place for that day, and perhaps not the next.

"When the rain ceased to pour and had become a light drizzle, father and the man took their axes and began to make preparations to build a camp. We stayed under the boat, and looked out to see what was going on.

"The man collected the wood for a big fire: first a great log from a tree that had been dead so long it was dry,—that was for a back log; then pieces of wood and dry branches were piled around it and on top of it, until it made a huge pile. When it was ready to light, I suppose you children think he took a match-box from his pocket, got out a match, struck it, and in a minute there was a fire."

Here the children looked as if they thought, "Of course that was the way of it."

But grandma shook her head, and said, "No, indeed! there had never been a match

made in those days. But what he did do was to take out of his pocket a tinder-box, a flint, and a knife. He opened the tinder-box, and with the knife he struck the flint until a spark of fire went down into the box and set the tinder on fire; then a piece of paper, properly folded, was lighted, and that lighted a piece of dry wood, and with that the whole pile was soon in a fine blaze, crackling and snapping and throwing out great sparks.

"In the mean time father had put up a shed-like tent, which opened to the fire, where we were to sleep; and when he and the man started out to gather evergreen twigs we children slipped out from under the boat and ran to help them, for by this time the rain was over.

"We filled our arms with the fragrant boughs many times and carried them to the tent, and then when there were enough we helped father make a big bed."

"That would be a funny bed," said Golden-Hair; "how did you make it?"

"We began at the foot, and put down a layer of twigs, with their stems towards the head; then another layer put the same way, the leafy parts covering the stem ends of the first one, and so on up to the head; finishing it off there with a lot of small soft twigs that did good service for pillows.

"When it was done it was big enough for us all, and was a very much softer and nicer bed than you would imagine."

Here the children nodded their little heads and smiled, and Portie said he wished he could sleep in such a bed all the time.

"When it came bed-time we lay with our feet to the fire: first Sallie and Abba on each side of me, then Eber and father, and on the outside the man. We were covered with blankets, and slept as sound as you do now in bed, and very much sounder than I do.

"We stayed there a week before the storm abated, and the waves and wind died down enough to launch the boat.

"Sometimes father and the man would go out hunting, and bring in squirrels and other small game. It amused us children very much to see men cooking. I wanted to help them, but they would n't let me do very much, for I was n't used to cooking out-doors."

The children looked as if they wished they'd been there to have all that fun, and grandma said, "Of course there are a good many drawbacks about camping out in the woods in April, when the wind is blowing cold and it rains every day. There were no leaves on the trees, and there were no flowers, and the grass had not begun to grow; but, luckily, little children can have a good time almost anywhere, if only those who are with them are kind to them.

"Fathers and mothers, in those days, though just as good as they are now, did n't pet and play with their children as they do now. The old rule that children should be seen, and not heard, was in full force, and they felt great respect and awe for their parents. I think it made better children, but I don't know. I guess they were not so happy," and grandma looked thoughtfully at the bright faces of the children, and said softly, "But it made us older for our years."

Portie said he was glad he did n't have to keep still and just be looked at, and that made them all laugh.

"The sail from the camp to New Salem, about thirty miles, was accomplished in a day, and with no further incidents. We were received very kindly by uncle Sam and his wife, and they did all they could to make us comfortable.

"I washed the children, and put clean clothes on them and myself. It seemed good to be clean and in a dry house, to sleep in a good bed and eat at a table, and to stay in one place for a while after our four months' wanderings."





FOUR YEARS IN NEW SALEM.

NCLE Sam was building at this time," said grandma, after each one had got into his or her favorite position, "a sailing vessel called the Salem Packet, to carry passengers and freight from Buffalo to Mackinaw and Green Bay.

"By the first of May she was loaded and ready, and one bright morning sailed off with uncle Sam and a crew of three men. Father went, too, to establish a store at Mackinaw, as trade with the Indians and soldiers was profitable then as now.

"We children watched the boat sail out of the harbor with heavy hearts, and as she grew smaller and smaller in the distance Abba and Sallie could not restrain their tears. Mother was dead, and now father was gone, and would not be back for six months, and we felt very lonely and desolate.

"But Eber and I comforted them as

much as we could, and told them that father would be back in the fall, and that we must all be good and not cry, and not make our aunt any more trouble than we could help; and Eber said, 'We'll have some fun, too; I'll make a boat, and we'll go down and sail it in the creek;' which he really did do, and had a great many happy days at that sport."

"Oh," said the children, "I wish we had a creek to sail boats in; a bath-tub is too small;" and they looked for a minute as if they had never had any fun in their lives.

"I helped our aunt about the housework and mended the children's clothes," resumed grandma, "and helped make new ones for us all, and learned everything I could, so that I could keep house for father when he came back.

"It does n't seem as if I was ever a little girl after my mother died. I was nine years old the month she died, and after that, it seems to me, I always had the cares of a woman on my shoulders. I felt that I must attend to the children, that I must see to their clothes, both the making and the mending, take care of them when they were sick,

and see that they were neat and clean and behaved well; and I will say that Eber and Abba never disobeyed me but once or twice in all their young lives. Sallie thought sometimes I was n't but a year older than she was, any way, so I had to be more careful what I told her to do.

"I have often wondered since how it happened to be so, and I think they must have been remarkably good children."

Here the aunties and mammas smiled at each other, as much as to say, "We know who was the remarkable child."

"In the fall father came back. We were down at the wharf to meet him, and though we were exceedingly glad to see him, we greeted him in the quiet and dignified way children were accustomed to use to their parents in those days. He brought us little mococks of maple sugar, and pretty beadwork that the Indian women made, and other things that were useful. I showed him what I had done for the children; and I felt the greatest pride and joy when he patted my head and called me his good little girl.

"It paid me for all the care and anxiety I had had for the children, and helped drive away the continual pain I felt for the loss of my mother, that seemed to grow more instead of less. I suppose it was because the attempt I made to fill her place caused me to feel all the more keenly what we had lost. I know I could never speak of her death until long after I was a grown woman.

"Uncle Sam and his wife moved up to the village to spend the winter, and father and we children kept house in their old house. I was the housekeeper, of course, and I had great pride in having everything as father wanted; but you may be sure I had many a heartache before I was able to do things as well as mother had done them.

"In the spring uncle Sam and his wife and several families moved to a place on the St. Clair River, where uncle Sam had bought a large tract of land the year before. It was a beautiful peninsula, with the St. Clair River on one side of it, and a pretty inland stream, Belle River, on the other side.

"Across Belle River were a few French families, but except these there were no inhabitants for some miles, unless it were a few Indians.

"After uncle Sam and the people he took had been there awhile, the place was called Yankee Point, because the new settlers were all Yankees.

"Father went to Mackinaw in the same boat they went in, and he left Abba and me to board with the family of Mr. Ford, and Sallie and Eber boarded with a Mr. Gilbert. The Conneaut creek ran between the two places, and in that creek Eber came very near being drowned."

"Oh, tell us about it!" said Porte and Eber B., Jr., with great eagerness.

"He and Abba were down there sailing toy boats, when the very finest one got farther out into the stream than was anticipated, and Eber waded in after it. But the wind had got into the sail just right, and so the little boat kept ahead of him, and in his eagerness to get it he got over his depth before he knew it, and down he went.

"When he rose to the surface he was farther from shallow water than when he went down, and, not knowing how to swim, after a struggle or two he went down again. He sank a third time, and that time did n't rise.

"But in the mean time Abba was screaming with all her might that 'Eber was drowning!' and her screams brought some men from a field near by. One of them, who was a good swimmer, plunged into the water, and after diving several times found him lying placidly on the bottom of the creek, his little hands clutching the weeds that grew there.

"He brought him up, and they laid him across the knees of one of the men, face downwards, so that the water he had swallowed would run out of his mouth, and in a little while he began to open his eyes and to breathe.

"We children stood by crying, for when they brought him out of the water we thought he was surely dead."

"Were you there, grandma?" said little Emily.

"Oh, yes; I had heard the screaming, and was there almost as soon as the men were.

"After that I was very careful to be with him when he went to sail his boats, for he would mind me when I told him not to do anything; and I would n't let him go far into the water.

"We had a very pleasant time that summer. Old Mr. Ford, with whom Abba and I lived, was an odd sort of man, and very fond of onions; he wanted them every day, but if they were n't on the table he would n't ask for them, and his wife very often forgot them; so every noon I used to put an onion, nicely cleaned, at his plate.

"I had no idea that he knew who did it, for children in those days were not praised for every little trifle they did. But when father came home in the fall and went to pay our board, Mr. Ford would n't take any pay for mine. He said I was a thoughtful little girl, and so good to him, — and here he related the onion story, — that he did n't want any pay for me."

Here the mammas looked at the children with meaning glances, as if they wished that trait of "thoughtfulness for the happiness of others" could be impressed upon their minds; and the children looked back with smiles, as if they understood it.

"Of course that made me feel very happy," said grandma.

"We kept house as usual that winter, and the next spring father went to Green Bay and stayed a whole year, and we four children boarded at a Mr. McNair's. When father came back the following year, he bought a farm at Ruddville, a little way from Conneaut; but after it was all paid for and stocked and we were living on it, he found his title was a poor one.

"The man from whom he had bought it had left the country, and the complications of the title were such that the only redress he had was to sue the State. Father thought he could not afford to do that, so he abandoned the farm, disposed of the stock at a sacrifice, and we went to Springfield in Pennsylvania, where he taught school.

"I felt the loss of the farm very keenly. Here, for the first time since mother died, we had a home of our own, where father intended to stay; here I thought I could bring up the children, and make them good and industrious; and here, also, would be

a permanent home, — no more moving every spring and every fall. And so I was bitterly disappointed.

"But we had a very pleasant time at Springfield. There were a good many girls and boys to go to school, sons and daughters of the farmers who lived in the neighborhood. They all had big farms, and lived in the homely style of that day.

"I remember one funny incident that happened at that school," and as grandma smiled, the children, one and all, wanted to know about it.

"There was a very odd boy — or young man he was, for he had got his growth — who came to school that winter. He wore a pair of leather breeches that were much too short for him, and they fitted as tight as a drum. They had been wet several times and had shrunk, so the wonder was how he could get into them at all. He was always late, and would come lounging in, and when he got to his seat would fall upon it with a great thump.

"The boys thought they would cure him of that; so one morning they fixed a wooden

peg in his seat, with the sharp point up, and watched for developments. They were not long coming, for at the usual hour he walked in, slouched lazily along to his seat, and dropped into it with his usual grace; but he bounded back like a rubber ball, and as he slapped the seat of his small-clothes he looked around on the convulsed scholars with an inexpressibly droll air, and drawled out, 'Goll darn ye! I know ye!'

"It is needless to say that he didn't fall down any more on that seat.

"The next fall father and Eber and I went up to Yankee Point to live, leaving the two girls in Conneaut, in the care of a good woman. I wanted them to go with us, but father said I was too young to manage growing girls. I did n't think I was too young, and I thought it would be better for them to be with us; but as I was only thirteen I could n't make much of an impression upon father, and we sailed off without them.

"Motherless children have a great many trials that those who have mothers know

nothing about. Men think they know a great deal, but a woman can keep her children together and bring them up better if the father dies than the father can if the mother dies. I felt the separation from them very much. Abba had always slept in my arms after mother died, and I cried myself to sleep many a night after I left them."





A LONG SHIP-RIDE.



ARLY in the fall of 1822 father and Eber and I sailed away from Conneaut, in the Salem Packet, for

Yankee Point.

"Sallie and Abba stood upon the dock and waved us good-by, and tried not to cry; but I could see, through the tears that were rolling down my own face, that they were crying. Eber rubbed his eyes with his fists, as boys will when they want to cry and are determined not to, and, in consequence, looked red about the eyes and nose, and white in the rest of his face.

"When we could see them no longer I went down into the cabin, where father and Eber could n't see me, and wept the bitter tears of a mother parted from her children. No one would believe that a girl of my age could have the feelings I had for those children. I did n't see how they could get

along without me, and I knew I was very unhappy without them.

"After the first paroxysm of grief was over, and I thought that I still had Eber and father to love and care for, I wiped away my tears, washed my face, and went up on deck to see what they were doing.

"Father was sitting on deck reading a favorite book, and Eber was talking with the sailors, asking them all sorts of questions about the sails, the management of the ropes, and everything he could think of in regard to the ship. Before we got to Yankee Point he could steer the boat pretty well, knew all the nautical terms, could help furl and reef and set the sails, and made himself useful and agreeable to every one on board.

"The sailors in those days were not the low, swearing fellows that too many of them are now, but they were the sons of the neighbors, helping a neighbor sail his ship. Often they became ship-owners themselves, after a time.

"Of course Eber taught me everything he had learned, and we enjoyed this first ride in a big ship immensely. We little thought that thirty years later he and uncle Sam would be the owners of the finest fleet of steamers that ever sailed the Great Lakes. But so it was."

Here Golden-Hair looked at Eber and Portie as much as to say, "I wonder if you will ever be capable, like that."

"Yes," said little Emily, "but I thought uncle Eber had big iron mills."

"That was still later," said grandma. "He established the first rolling-mills in the Northwest, and the first Bessemer steel manufactory in America; sailed the first steamboat on Lake Superior, which he took overland three or four miles across the Sault Falls Carry, before the great ship canal was dug; and did a great many important first things both in commerce and manufactures, as well as being the first business man in the Northwest for many years of his life.

"But just at this time his mind was n't particularly burdened about being first in anything, except making the most of his surroundings. He was always merry and light-hearted, full of kindly ways, obedient, industrious, truthful, loving, and without a single mean trait.

"I don't say this because he was my brother," said grandma with some emphasis, and with eyes that might have flashed if anybody contradicted her; "but I say it because it is true."

As the mammas and aunties and the children all knew that grandma told the truth, from their own knowledge of uncle Eber in later life, there was nothing said, and as only a look of intense belief was seen in all the eyes turned towards grandma, she continued:—

"When we got to Cleveland we went ashore and walked about, while the vessel was putting off and taking on freight. At that time it was a little village you could walk all over in an hour; it had about a thousand inhabitants, and no one thought of its ever being a big city.

"We also stopped at a place that is now called Toledo; then it consisted of two little frontier towns, one on each side of the Maumee River. The people who came down to the wharf looked lean and pale

and yellow, and as if they had n't much left to live for.

"The pioneers of Michigan and Ohio suffered a great deal from fever and ague. I remember father asked one of these sickly looking beings if that town was n't a pretty unhealthy place; and how surprised I was to hear him say, with some indignation, 'It is the healthiest place in the United States!'

"Fever and ague used to shake and burn these early settlers until they looked like ghosts; but it did not abate the pride they had in their new homes, and nothing made their eyes flash so quick as to suggest that the particular place where they lived was not as healthy as it might be.

"Lake Erie had been a little rough at times, and I was not sorry to get into the placid waters of the Detroit River. Eber and I were never tired of looking at the rippling water as the vessel glided through it, nor at the beautiful shores covered by primeval forests that had not yet bowed before the frontiersman's axe. Everywhere silence reigned, — the beautiful silence of Nature

not yet subdued under the weary yoke man puts upon her.

"We stopped at Detroit, a little town of fifteen hundred people, and walked about with father, who told us stories of its struggles for existence, and the fights for its possession between the Indians and French and English and Americans. Now it lay placid and peaceful, not in the least realizing the misery it had passed through, nor the career of prosperity that lay before it.

"When we got to the St. Clair flats we lay there becalmed for two days, for there was neither a tug nor a steam vessel of any kind on the Great Lakes. Father and Eber and the sailors went duck-hunting, for then, as now, the duck knew about the St. Clair flats, and we had a great feast as the result of their spoils.

"When we got fairly out on the St. Clair River our delight was increased by two things: first, that we were near our destination; and second, that it was the widest, cleanest, deepest, and most beautiful river that ever anybody saw. There certainly is not so lovely a river in the world as the St. Clair; not the storied Rhine, nor the winding Ocklawaha, nor the palisaded Hudson can compare with it, in my estimation.

"I don't think, in all this long journey, we met more than three boats as large as ours, and the smaller craft were few and far between. Occasionally we would see an Indian, in his birch-bark canoe, placidly fishing.

"Arrived at Yankee Point, the boat stopped at a little wharf, and there the whole population was assembled to meet her. All the news from the outside world came through her, and all the luxuries of life they had were brought in her hold; so it was not to be wondered at that every man, woman, and child in the place hailed her arrival with joy. We lived in this place five years, about which I will tell you more hereafter."





YANKEE POINT.

E went to housekeeping in a log house built on the bank of the river, where now there is a wharf and warehouse.

"Uncle Sam had built it for himself when he first moved to the place, but this year he had finished a frame house, the only one in the place, and had gone to live in it. I dare say you young people think it would be a terrible affair to live in a log house, but the pioneers of this country were very glad to get a good log house to live in.

"Ours was one of the best in the place. It had two large rooms: one the living-room, with a great fire-place at one end, where we did all our cooking, — for there were no stoves in those days; the whole world cooked by fire-places, — and where we ate, and sat to sew, and slept too, for there was a big bed in one corner, where father and Eber slept.

The other room was a bed-room and also a store-room, where the flour, meal, and sugar were kept, and where also there was a barrel of whiskey; for it was the fashion of those times for every one to keep whiskey, and drink it too, though my father was a very temperate man and Eber never would taste it.

"Yes," continued grandma, "it was a good enough house for any one, and I kept it perfectly clean; the floor was white enough to eat from, and the deal table was scoured until it shone, and every dish and pan glistened. They did n't look much as they do in my kitchen now, where there are two servants who have nothing to do but to keep things bright.

"Well," said grandma, with a sigh, "the times are different from what they used to be."

The children looked as if they were glad of it, but wisely said nothing.

"The greatest drawback to our happiness was sickness; everybody had fever and ague, and no one, not even the doctors, knew how to cure it. It was before the

advance in the methods of making medicines had begun, and when doses of thirty grains of calomel were not uncommon.

"I was sick one whole year with chills and fever, and always when the doctor came it was calomel and jalap he prescribed. I had grown worse instead of better, and by the end of the year was reduced almost to a skeleton. I made up my mind, at last, that as the medicine did me no good I would n't take any more of it; so the next time Eber came with a spoonful of the nasty stuff I put my hand over my mouth and turned my head away, and would n't take it.

"He said I'd die if I did n't, and I replied, 'I'd rather die than live the way I am living.' When father came in he tried to persuade me to take it, but I was firm in my resolve never to take any more of it, come what would. From that time I began to get well, and was very soon up and about the house.

"No one knows what the pioneers of the Western States suffered from malaria, bad doctors, and worse medicine. Quinine, the only specific for the disease, was then unknown. One poor man who lived near us was reduced to skin and bone, and of course, with calomel and jalap three times a day, he could n't have an appetite. Some one had told him that if, when the fever was at its height, he would go down to the river and jump in, the shock to his system would break the fever. The poor fellow tried it, and it did indeed break the fever and him too, for he died in a congestive chill a few hours after.

"Sometimes, during the first years, there were hardly enough well people to take care of the sick. After I got well I sat up many nights with our sick neighbors, and helped them in every way I could, for in pioneer days everybody knows who is his neighbor; there is not the doubt about it that there is in older settled countries and in cities.

"At the end of two years Sallie came, and it was not so lonely for me.

"When we had been there three years, the father of a little two-year-old boy, whose mother had just died, wanted us to keep the boy for a while until he got settled somewhere. Father said he didn't care, if I was willing, and as I was willing he came. He was just beginning to talk, and was very pretty and attractive, and we loved him a great deal. His father was very poor and could do nothing for him, and we were not rich ourselves, so I made him clothes out of our old ones.

"We kept him two years, and when father concluded to take us away on account of the unhealthiness of the place he said he must send Benny to his father. I begged father to keep him. I told him I could make clothes for him out of his old ones, and that what he ate would n't cost much, and if it was necessary I'd share my food with him.

"Benny cried too, and begged to stay; he said 'Em'ly would make towdys for him out of gampa's old ones, and he could eat off 'm Em'ly's plate, and he would be a good boy and work;' but father thought he could n't stand the extra expense.

"I have always been sorry," said grandma, "that we did n't keep him. It would have been better for him." "What became of him?" said one of the mammas.

"He finally got to be a Methodist minister,—a very good man, but uncultivated. I saw him once, many years afterward, but it did n't seem as if he ever could have been our little Benny.

"He got off a good joke on Sallie that afforded us a great deal of amusement. She came down late to breakfast one morning, looking rather unamiable, as people who are late to breakfast usually do, and she spoke quite sharply to him. He came out where Eber and I were busy fixing a sail for his new boat, and, holding up his tiny forefinger at us, he lisped, with an air of great solemnity and caution, ''Ook out! 'ook out! Shallie ith ath shpunky ath a wat! ath shpunky ath a wat!' he repeated with great emphasis. He looked so droll that we screamed with laughter, and we never ceased to tease Sallie about being 'shpunky ath a wat.'

"The sail we were making for that boat was the cause of Eber's disobeying me one out of the two times he ever did disobey me while we were young. One was when he would take some white sugar when I did n't want him to."

"Oh, tell us about that," said Portie.

"For ordinary purposes we used maple sugar, which was made in abundance in the neighborhood, but for sickness we had loaf sugar, which at that time came in cakes of forty or fifty pounds. We always kept this kind of sugar, but used it very sparingly for company and for sickness, in our own house, and for our poorer neighbors who could n't afford to buy it.

"Eber was always very generous and self-denying, but this one time he said he was going to have a piece of that sugar. I told him he could n't have it, and he replied he was almost as old as I was, any way, and he would have it; and he did," and grandma laughed. "I have often wondered since why he minded me, as he always did, except these two times; he must have been a very good boy!"

"Tell us about the sail, grandma," said little Emily.

"Well, we finished the sail in the even-

ing, and Eber made up his mind that in the morning he would try it; and as it was the first big sail he had ever owned he was very enthusiastic about it.

"Morning came, but it was very windy and the waves were running high, and I told him he must not go out until the wind died down. After breakfast was over he went down to the river, and he made up his mind that 'his boat would go in a wind like that well enough. Of course Emily would n't want him to go, — but Emily was a girl, anyhow, and what did she know of boats?' So he came up to the house, got his sail, and was making off without saying a word to anybody, when I rushed out and told him he must not go; he would certainly be drowned.

"'Oh,' he said, 'I guess not; it is n't much of a wind, any way.'

"I implored, I begged, I commanded, him not to go, but it was no use. He did n't say much, but he walked on, and began to fix the sail in the boat; then he put in the rudder, raised the sail, arranged the ropes, keeping the sheet rope in his hand, and

pushed off. I sat on the bank watching him with fear and trembling.

"It all went very well until he got over the channel bank, when a big gust of wind came and lurched the boat over; at the same moment a big wave leaped into it, and but for Eber's presence of mind the boat certainly would have gone over and he would have been drowned, for father was away, and there was no boat and no man to save him.

"But he had had some doubts of his own in regard to the safety of the experiment, and had taken a hatchet with him, and as soon as the squall struck the sail he let go the sheet rope; but as that did n't right the boat, quick as a thought he seized the hatchet, and with a few quick strokes the mast and sail fell into the water, the boat righted, and he was safe.

"I believe I cried then, but when he got on shore I didn't cry much. I gave him a good scolding, which he received with great meekness."

"Did he get back his sail?" said Portie.

"Yes; after the storm was over he found it lodged against the bank, not far away."



THE SAGINAW INDIANS.

T was in the early summer of 1826, for I was seventeen years old when this little incident happened," said grandma in response to some questions of the children.

"It was training-day, as it was called, and every man and boy who was well enough and old enough to carry a gun had to go to the county seat to be trained in military movements.

"That morning father and Eber and every man and boy in the settlement, except a poor lame shoemaker, had gone to Port Huron, twenty miles away, to the training, and the women and children were left alone. But no one thought anything of it, for the country was at peace, and though there were Indians around they were friendly, and we had nothing to fear from them.

"It was a bright and lovely morning when

we went down the river bank to see father and Eber off. The river shone like a mirror, and reflected the trees that overhung its banks so clearly that they looked like twin trees growing into its shining depths. The robins were singing their loudest, and everything was so fresh and beautiful and peaceful that I lingered a long time dreaming over it. But the cares of a housekeeper drove me home after a while, and I went into the house to do my morning work.

"I had put the house to rights, and had just finished baking my bread, when the door suddenly opened, and in poured a great number of Indians in full war-paint and dress, muskets in their hands and knives and tomahawks in their belts. They paid no more attention to me than if I had been a block of wood, but went to the cupboard, and took the bread and cake and everything eatable. They drank some vinegar there was in a barrel in the corner, and then began looking around after something in particular, but which they didn't find; finally, one old fellow looked at me

and said, 'Whiskey?' I shook my head, and told him we hadn't any. He started to open the door into the room where the whiskey barrel was, but I stepped ahead of him quick, put my hand through the door handle, looked him right in the eye, and told him that he could not go in there.

"When they first came in I seized the broom, as it was the only weapon left in the house, and a woman's weapon at that," said grandma, smiling; "and when some of the young men tried to pull me away from the door I hung on tight with one hand, and struck right and left with the broom handle as hard as I could strike, hitting an Indian at every blow.

"I knew I might as well die fighting as any other way, and that if I could n't keep them from the whiskey barrel they would get drunk, and then kill every woman and child in the place. After a little some of the young men made motions as if to strike me; but this old fellow, who seemed to be their chief, said in Indian, 'Leave her to me. I'll put her to sleep.'

"I knew what he meant, for I could un-

derstand Indian some, but I made up my mind that I'd not let go of that door as long as I had life to hold it.

"Then the old Indian made as if to strike me with a stick, but I did n't flinch, and kept on looking him right in the eye. Then he threw it down on the floor, and said, 'Pick it up!'

"I knew that if I stooped he would strike me on the back of the head, and that I would die without making any outcry; so I shook my head and would not pick it up.

"In the mean time I could hear Sallie screaming and crying in the yard, for the young Indians were amusing themselves beating her with long, slender whips, for no other purpose than the fun of hearing her scream. But just at that moment she put her head in at the door, and I shouted to her, 'Sallie, run quick, and tell the men!'

"Now I knew that there were no men around but the lame old shoemaker, but I said it for a double purpose: one to get Sallie away, and the other that the old Indian, who understood a little English, might

think there were a good many men around, and so go away for fear of them.

"Sallie ran quick as a flash, and the old fellow, who had understood what I said, as I expected he would, left me, and began talking in a low tone with some of the older Indians. They seemed to come to some sudden decision, for he gave a word of command, and they all left the house as abruptly as they had entered it, went down the bank, got into their boats, pushed off into the river, and were half-way across before Sallie got back with the news 'that the shoemaker was afraid, and would not come.'"

"Oh, grandma! were n't you afraid?" said the children.

"No; though I knew they might kill me, I didn't seem to have any fear. I remember I thought I might just as well be killed then as after they got drunk. But after they were gone I was so weak and trembled so I could not stand up. I had to sit down, and I shook like a leaf in the wind for hours after. It took me several days to get over the nervous depression that followed."

"Oh, grandma, I think you were awfully brave," said Golden-Hair.

"No, it was n't bravery," replied grandma thoughtfully. "I was afraid they would get the whiskey, and then kill everybody."

"What made them go away so quick?" inquired one of the mammas.

"You see," said grandma, "these Indians were warriors from the Saginaw tribe, who were very fierce and warlike; and they were then on their way to Detroit to try and release from prison their chief, old Kishkawko, who had a year before killed a man in the streets of Detroit. Just in pure wantonness, without the least provocation, he had thrown a tomahawk at a white man who was walking peacefully along, and struck him down. He had been arrested, tried, and condemned to be hanged.

"The Indians thought it an overwhelming disgrace 'to be hung like dogs,' as they said, and they determined, if they could n't release him, to give him poison. I suppose the reason they went, when I told Sallie to run after the men, was that, going for the purpose they were, they didn't wish anything to defeat that purpose. They were afraid that if the men came there would be

a fight, and they would be delayed and perhaps stopped altogether."

"It was lucky," said one of the aunties, "that they did n't know there was but one man in the place."

"Yes, indeed!" cried the children.

"What became of Kishkawko?" asked one of the mammas.

"He took poison the morning he was to be hanged. They found the white man's government too strong for them to rescue him, so they gave him the poison."

TO EMILY WARD, 1826.

O brave young maid! I see thee stand, with arm
Thrust through the iron latchet of the door,
Facing a hundred foes, with eyes that wore
The high and holy look that fears no harm
For self. What stayed their hands? What did disarm
Their murd'rous will, and though the hand was raised
To slay, it dropped supine, dear God be praised!
And saved that noble life? What but the charm
That brav'ry hath for savage men! They love
The lofty mind disdaining life and pain.
O Heaven-sent girl! when was thy duty
Ever with thy will at strife? Bright the day
And joyous for thee, and filled with beauty,
If only those thou lovedst walked in thy way.

F. B. H., 1889.



GOING AFTER STRAWBERRIES.

NE day in June, as soon as dinner was over, Sallie, and a young woman who worked for uncle Sam, and uncle Sam's little boy, and I went over to the Canada side of St. Clair River to gather wild strawberries that grew there in great abundance. We crossed the river in a row-boat, and when we got on shore we pulled the boat high up on the beach, so that the waves would not carry it off.

"We had a gay time filling our pails and baskets with the ripe fruit. When we got through we were rather tired, and very leisurely took our way to the boat. We did not notice that the small boy had gone ahead of us. When we were almost to the beach he came running back to us, shouting, 'Boaty! boaty!'

"I knew in a moment that he had done some mischief, and I set my strawberries

down and ran as hard as I could toward the river. Sure enough, he had pushed the boat into the water, and she was floating off with the current. I waded out clear up to my neck, but I could not reach her, and as I could not swim I had to wade back.

"By this time the girls and the small boy were on the shore, and as I came back they set up a dismal wail; for the boat was gone, and here we four were, miles away from any habitation, and with a fine prospect of spending the night in the woods, where the wolves and bears still roamed and occasionally Indians were seen.

"We sat in a very melancholy plight, the girls crying, the boy looking doleful, and I thinking of what we should do. There was an island, about a mile below, near the Canada shore, and I thought the current would carry the boat to that island and strand her on its northeastern point; but how to get to that point was the question.

"I looked around the beach, and found there was drift-wood of logs and some long poles that pioneers use in building mud chimneys. I thought that with these we could make a raft, if we only had something to tie them together with; but there was n't a string a yard long, except those we used to hold up our stockings with, as was the fashion in those days.

"But strings or no strings, that raft had got to be made, and what were sunbonnets and aprons and dresses and skirts for, if in an emergency they would n't tie a raft together?

"I told the girls my plan, and they said they didn't believe I ever would get that boat again in any such manner; but they went to work with a will, because I wanted them to, and because it was the only way to get home. After a good deal of hard work a raft was completed, tied with the aforesaid material.

"Luckily the fashion of those days provided every woman with a long chemise that hung down to her ankles, and covered her much more as to her neck and arms than many a fashionable belle of these times is covered by what people are pleased to call full dress.

"You may be sure such a raft was a very frail affair to sail the waters of the great St. Clair River, and Sallie said that 'she knew we would be drowned.' It was only large enough for two, and Margaret and I went, leaving Sallie to take care of the boy.

"It required a brave heart either to go or stay; for in the distance we could hear the occasional howl of a wolf, and on the water was a little raft that looked as if it might fall to pieces at a moment's notice.

"The plan was that Margaret and I should stand up and pole the raft; but as soon as we got away from the shore Margaret was afraid to stand up, so she sat down and cried, and I did the work. The current helped us a good deal, and after a time we could see the head of the island.

"We knew there was an encampment of friendly Indians there at that time, fishing and hunting, but we were not afraid of them.

"By this time the full moon was up, and as soon as we could see the island we saw all of the Indians down at the shore gazing eagerly in our direction. They did n't seem to understand what it was that was coming towards them. But as we got nearer and nearer, and the bright moonlight shone directly on us, and they discovered it was only two forlorn girls on a crazy raft, they screamed and shouted with laughter.

"I did n't care for that, for by this time I could see our boat, that had stranded about where I thought she would.

"The Indians were very kind to us: the men went and got the boat and untied the raft, and the women wrung out the clothes and took us to a wigwam and helped us put ours on; then they assisted us into the boat and put the rest of the wet clothes in, and with many friendly grunts and exclamations they pushed our boat out into the stream, and we hastened back to Sallie and the boy.

"Here I will say that I have never yet seen an Indian treated with kindness but what he returned it by equal kindness, and he never forgets a favor, as I know from experience.

"Sallie and, the boy were rejoiced when we got back, and they dried the tears that had been plentifully flowing, put on their wet clothes, and we started for home.

"We agreed amongst ourselves that we would slip into the house the back way, change our clothes, and not tell any one of our adventure, and so no one knew it for some time. But Margaret had a beau, to whom she told the story after a while; and it was such a good story that, man-like, he told it to some one else, and so every one knew it in a little time, and we were well laughed at."

"I don't see anything so very funny about it," said Golden-Hair.

"Well," said grandma, "I related that story, a good many years after, to Mr. Stanley, famous for his pictures of Indians. We were passing the island on a steamer of your uncle's, and I was telling him something of the early days of St. Clair River settlements. He remarked that the incident would make a pretty picture.

"Not long after that he brought me, on my sixtieth birthday, that picture," said grandma, pointing to one that hung in the room.

IIO GRANDMOTHER'S STORIES.

Here the children all wanted to look at it, though they had seen it a hundred times, and pointed out to each other, with great glee, grandma on the raft, the Indians, and other objects of interest, while grandma herself escaped to her writing-table.





READING GERMAN PHILOSOPHY.

T was many years after the date of my last story that this happened," said grandma. "Sallie and Abba were married, Eber was in business with uncle Sam, and father and I were living alone on the island of Bois Blanc. It was a very lonely life we led there.

"There were no inhabitants except one old Frenchman and his Indian wife, who worked for father. The nearest white people were at Mackinaw, but that was twelve miles away, across the straits, that were heaped with snow and ice-drifts all the winter, which made it a difficult and unsafe road to travel.

"Once a month we received letters from the outer world, that father had to go to Mackinaw to get. For five long months we were snow and winter bound, not seeing any familiar faces but those at home. "When the ice did finally break up, late in the spring, and the first boat came up and close off shore, you may be sure it was welcomed with joy; for uncle Sam and Eber's boat was sure to be the first, and Eber would come in his brisk, breezy way and tell us news from civilization, of himself, of Abba and Sallie and the children, and it seemed to renew life within us, and give us something to live for.

"Most of the time at Bois Blanc we had children with us, but this year of 1841 we had been disappointed in not having Sallie's eldest daughter. After promising to let us have her, her father had finally concluded he could n't spare her yet; she might come when she got older.

"I don't know how we could have endured the loneliness but for books and papers. After the work was done I would read, and in the long winter nights father and I would sit by the big blazing fireplace and read and read.

"Besides the books we had and the papers we took, father used to borrow books and magazines of a friend of his in Mackinaw; amongst these was the 'North American Review,' a new periodical at that time.

"I became so deeply interested in the reviews of German philosophy that I longed to read the books they talked about. Every night, after I went to bed, I would think over what the authors had written on the subject, and wish I could read the originals.

"But how could I? I could not even buy the books; and if I bought them I could not read them, for I did not know a word of German.

"But all things are possible to the longing and ardent soul; and after a while my prayers for knowledge were answered in a most extraordinary way.

"I will say right here that I do not and never have believed in what is ordinarily called Spiritualism; but what I am going to tell as truly happened as that I live and sit here to tell it.

"One night, after having been more depressed than usual by my lack of means for learning, and by my intense desire for this particular knowledge of German philosophy, I fell asleep.

"I could n't have been asleep long when it seemed to me I was reading just what I wanted to. The book was before me; I was holding it. The text was German, yet I understood it. The joy of it woke me up, and I could have wept for disappointment that I had not read more. I got up and looked out of the window. The moon was shining full on the white snow, and the evergreen trees looked dark and lovely against all that brightness. As I looked the disappointment passed away, and I felt an indescribable sense of exhilaration; a keener knowledge of life and its meanings rose up within me, and a heart-felt but unspoken prayer to the good Father in heaven welled up from my soul.

"I lay down again, and fell asleep, and immediately began to read the same book. This time I did not wake up, but read all the rest of the night.

"In the morning, when I woke, I felt so rejoiced at what had happened, and so in hopes that I would be permitted to read again that night, that the day went by like a robin's song.

"I thought over what I had read, and tried to fix it in my memory, and I prayed that God would bless me in this one way, if He never gave me anything more.

"That night, as I looked out on the peaceful stars before I retired, I again felt that calmness of soul and greatness of thought that we have so seldom in our lives. It is, indeed, the spirit triumphing over the flesh for a few brief moments.

"As soon as I fell asleep I began the book where I had left off, and again read all the night.

"After that the winter was no longer dreary or lonely, for every night I would read, and in the morning wake up refreshed and exhilarated. Any time during that winter I could have written out in the morning what I read at night.

"It certainly was the happiest winter I ever spent, and what I read made a very deep impression on my mind and exerted a strong influence on my whole life."



SAVING THE FRENCHMAN'S LIFE.

ATHER and I were sitting by a roaring fire," said grandma, while the children calmly hugged their dolls, "one bitter-cold night in February. We were both reading, and were very much interested in what we were reading.

"Donna Maria, the cat, purred by my side, while Mars and Rover stretched themselves between us, and lazily watched the fire and our faces, or dozed off with one eye open.

"Outside everything was perfectly quiet and still; there was no wind, and all nature appeared to be sleeping.

"Suddenly father raised his head, and said, 'Did you hear that cry?'

"I said, 'No;' then we both listened. Soon a wailing cry came up; it seemed from far away. Father got up and opened the door; again it came distinctly, and again,—and

father said, 'Some one has fallen into one of the air-holes in the ice, and cannot get out; we must go and see if we can save him.'

"So we put on our warm wraps, and while father got a coil of rope, the axe, and two stout walking-sticks, I got some brandy and a woolen blanket, so that if we got him out of the water, we would have something to wrap around him and a stimulant to give him.

"When we got outside the cries came quick and sharp, and father gave several loud and ringing halloos, so that the man, or whoever it might be, would know that some one was coming to his rescue.

"I took one of the walking-sticks, and following as near as we could the direction of the cries we started.

"Upon getting outside of our own grounds we went into a forest full of underbrush and big stones, with three feet of snow covering them, and no pathway.

"Luckily the bright, round, full moon was just rising, the stars shone with the clear white brilliancy peculiar to northern latitudes, and the white snow, that covered everything, reflected back their light, so that we could see our way ahead very well; but we could not see through the snow to pick out a good place for our feet, so we went laboring and stumbling along as best we could.

"Mars had followed us to see if he could be of any help, but Rover, after taking a sniff of the cold air, had dropped himself down before the fire again.

"The cries were repeated occasionally, and each time father would return an answering halloo. Often we would come to heavy drifts that it was useless to try to walk around, and almost impossible to walk over; so by the time we reached the bank of the lake, which was two miles away, the cries of the poor fellow were getting pretty weak.

"Here father shouted to him to keep up courage, for we would soon be there. Walking on the ice was much easier, and we went over the half mile that lay between us in comparatively quick time.

"But when we got where the poor fellow

was we found it would be a difficult task to get him out; for around an air-hole the ice is always thin, being worn by the action of the water, and the man in his attempts to get out had broken it at every effort.

"Father told him not to be frightened, but to do just what he said, and he would save him. First he threw him one end of the rope made into a noose, and told him to put it over his head and under his arms. With the axe he had brought he had cut down a couple of small saplings just before he got to the lake, and these he put down on the ice, with their heaviest ends near the man; then, taking hold of the other end of the rope, he directed me to steady the saplings, and told the man to take hold of the ends near him, and to climb while he would pull.

"After several efforts and failures father told him that it was his only hope for life; that he must use all his strength, or he would never get out. Then, with one supreme effort of climbing and pulling, we got him out of the water and into a safe place.

"The moment it was done he fell over completely insensible. We poured some brandy down his throat, and carried him to the bank of the lake, where father built a fire; and we warmed him and dried him as well as we could, and warmed ourselves too, for by this time we were pretty cold and somewhat wet. Then we wrapped him in the dry blanket I had brought, and father took him on his back and carried him home, while I followed with the rope and axe.

"It was lucky the man was a little fellow, or father never could have got him home. As it was, it was three o'clock in the morning before we reached that welcome haven."

"But who was the man?" asked the children.

"Oh," said grandma, "that is the worst part of it: he was a miserable, drunken Frenchman, who beat his wife and abused his children, and who ought to have drowned. He had been to Mackinaw and got drunk, and so fell into the air-hole.

"I have often thought it was a misfortune we happened to hear him."



THE FALL OF THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

house fell," said grandma, as she picked up a child's stocking she was knitting. "Father had gone over to Mackinaw two days before, intending to come back the day he went; but a storm had arisen that prevented his getting back, and instead of decreasing it had increased, until in the afternoon it was blowing a perfect gale.

"The light-house had originally been placed too near the water, and the encroachment made by the winds and the waves, since it was built, had brought it much nearer, so that now every heavy storm was full of peril for the old light-house.

"My father had long anticipated the day when some extra heavy storm would sweep the waters around its foundation, loosen it, and beat its stanch tower until it should fall; and now that day had come. "Bolivar and I were alone in the house, and there was no one on the island but the Frenchman, who was a great coward, and his Indian wife.

"Our house was very near to the lighthouse,—so near that if it should fall a certain way it would fall upon the roof, which made it a very unsafe shelter for us.

"It was a day of great anxiety; for if the light-house should be blown down, its great light would be put out, and I shuddered to think of what might happen to the vessels and their crews and passengers.

"And Eber was on the lake; and what if his boat, storm-driven, should look for that friendly light and not find it? My heart was like lead as I looked out upon the boiling waves, and the roaring wind, and the driving clouds, and thought of him. So I would not take down the lamps until the very last moment.

"Early in the forenoon I had seen that the water surrounded the building, and later on, as the storm increased in violence, every great wave would dash itself to foam against its brawny sides. "About five o'clock I saw that if I was to save the lamps and the great reflectors I must begin at once. So putting a warm hood on my head to protect it from the rain, I started, first telling Bolivar not to stir from the house, but to stand at the window and watch for me.

"The poor child burst into tears and begged me not to go, but I thought it was my duty to save the government property.

"I had no sooner got out of the house than the wind, with a sudden dash, nearly took me off my feet, the rain half blinded me, and the spray wet me through; but I ran quickly, and in a moment was in the lighthouse, climbing its hundred and fifty steep steps with all the speed I could. When I reached the top what a magnificent sight met my gaze!

"Whoever has stood on a perilous height, and seen the mad waters leap and roar and dash with all their mighty force against the frail structure that supported him, can imagine the wild exaltation of soul that filled me through and through to the exclusion of all fear.

"It seemed as if then, indeed, God, in his majesty, was sweeping the earth and the seas, and I felt that I also was part of the great universe that existed under that awful power.

"I had but little time, however, to indulge myself in these thoughts, for every wave made the whole tower reel. It took all my strength to carry those great lamps and reflectors down the winding stairs; and sometimes when I would stop to take breath, and would hear the beat of the waters and feel the shock it gave the tower, it would give me a momentary spasm of terror; but it would be but momentary, for my work must be done, and I had no time for fear.

"I think I climbed those stairs five times before I got everything movable down, and each time Bolivar would implore me, with tears streaming from his eyes, not to go again,—that I would surely be killed."

"Oh, grandma!" said one of the aunties, "I don't see how you dared to risk your life in that way."

"Oh," said grandma, "you see I was n't

hurt. When people are doing their duty they are not apt to come to much harm."

The children looked at each other, as if they could see that grandma did right, but that it was an awful thing to do.

"Well," pursued grandma, "after I had got everything down I changed my wet clothes for dry ones, and we ate our supper, and then took our places by the window to watch for the light-house to fall.

"I told Bolivar that as soon as I said the word we were to leave the house and go back into the woods, and that when the time came he was not to speak one word, but hang on to my hand tight and follow me. He said he would.

"We had not long to wait. The night had come; the rain had ceased, and the moon gave such light as scurrying and wildly driven clouds would permit. Suddenly we saw a long zigzag line run from the tower's base to its top. I said to Bolivar, 'Put on your overcoat and hat,' and I put on my warm shawl and hood. Still we stood by the window; another line shot up and around, and the tower tottered.

"'Now,' said I, 'Bolivar, come!' He took my hand, and we went out the back way, shutting the doors behind us, and ran for the woods, a few rods off.

"We had scarcely got there when, with one mighty crash, down went the huge pile of masonry, and the waves washed over the place where the light-house once stood.

"We could see that the house had not been injured; so with thankful hearts we went back, and Bolivar was soon in bed and asleep.

"But I could not sleep for thinking of the ships that were in peril, and especially of Eber; and tears that I could not restrain wet my pillow that night and succeeding nights."

"Was any one lost?" inquired Portie.

"Oh, yes," said grandma; "it was one of the most awful storms ever known on the lakes, and many ships went down and many lives were lost; but no one was lost near Bois Blanc, or that I knew personally.

"When father got back he was glad to find us alive; for he had been afraid from the first that the light-house would fall."



AN EXHORTATION TO ECONOMY.

OW," said grandma, "you children know nothing of economy. Oh, yes, I know you think you do," as they looked up in amazement, "and you are good children, but you can't know anything of the economy I had to use.

"I remember once, when I was living at Bois Blanc, I went down to Pennsylvania and New York to visit my sisters, and stopped at Conneaut to see old friends.

"When going down on the boat some one had some very fine large peaches to sell. They were a great temptation, for I had n't seen any peaches for several years, and I was very fond of fruit of all kinds, and Bois Blanc was so cold and bleak we could raise scarcely any.

"But when I found that I would have to pay twenty-five cents for two peaches I hesitated. "No, I said to myself, I won't do that; twenty-five cents is too much to pay for two peaches, simply to gratify my appetite. I may need that money before I get home again.

"And sure enough I did. For when I was in Conneaut, one morning, I met a little girl in the street who was crying; the tears rolling down her cheeks in spite of her efforts to prevent them.

"I said to her, 'My little girl, what are you crying about?'

"Then she burst into a flood of tears, but after a little managed to sob out 'that she could n't go to school any more because she had n't a spelling-book.'

"' How much would a spelling-book cost?' I said.

"' Twenty-five cents, but mother is so poor she cannot buy me one.'

"There, I said to myself, I am glad I did n't buy those peaches, for I have still got that money in my pocket, and it will buy her a spelling-book.

"But I said to her, 'If you will go with me where a spelling-book can be bought, I'll

get one for you.' So she wiped her eyes, and took me to a little store not far away. where it was soon bought, and she went joyfully off to school.

"So you see that if I had not been economical and saved my money I could not have made that little girl happy."

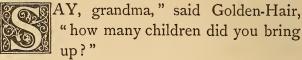
The children looked sedate over this story, evidently thinking of the money they spent for candies, and of the books they did not buy for poor little girls.

But the mammas and aunties smiled a smile of satisfaction at having such a grandma, but knowing well that it was a rare case of economy.





GRANDMA'S CHILDREN.



"Oh," said grandma, "let me see; I've forgotten," and she began to count on her fingers, and you could hear her murmur, "Benny, Laura, Ada, Bolivar — um — um — um — w— Well, fourteen or fifteen, I guess."

"Tell us about them all," said little Emily.

"Oh, do!" pleaded the other children.

Now I have a confession to make that is abhorrent to my soul, and that is that in the usual acceptation of the word grandma is n't grandma at all, though in the *bona fide* sense of the word she is a hundred times more grandma than any other grandma I ever knew.

I knew a little girl who used to call her

own grandma just plain grandma, but this grandma I am writing about she always called *good* grandma, and that was just exactly the adjective that suited.

The children did n't find it out for a long time, and when some officious person told them they were in a great rage, and would n't believe it; and grandma herself was wroth when she heard they knew, and wished that some people would mind their own business.

I can myself remember that when these children's mammas were little girls, and grandma was called aunt Emily by everybody, the real little nieces and nephews could n't make the other children any madder than by telling them that aunt Emily was their aunt, and was n't aunt at all to the others.

But if aunt Emily herself was appealed to, she would say that she was aunt to all good children.

So, being aunt, you know, to the mammas, she had to be grand-aunt to the mammas' children, and that is all there is of it. But that is more than was desirable.

However, they are all used to it now, and don't care a fig for any other kind of grandma, because, you see, they don't remember any of them.

"Well," said one of the aunties, "who was the first one you took?"

"Little Benny," said grandma, "and I have told you about him. The next one was a little two-year-old girl whose father had deserted her mother, and the mother was too feeble to get a living for them both; so I took her, thinking I would keep her until some one wanted to adopt her. But when, two years after, a man and his wife did want her, I was not willing to give her up, and the little thing loved me so she did n't want to go.

"But without my knowledge they went before the judge of probate and made oath that they had property, and wanted to adopt the child and bring her up as their own; and without hearing any evidence on the other side the judge gave them legal authority to take her. So they came with their legal papers and took her.

"The poor little girl clung to me and

cried bitterly, and I cried too; but I thought I had to let her go. I was young, and did n't know I might have gone to the judge and got him to reverse his decision."

"Was she pretty?" said Golden-Hair.

"Yes," returned grandma, "she was as pretty as a peach, with blue eyes and red cheeks and yellow hair, and she was as good as she was pretty.

"She did n't have a pleasant life with those people, for as soon as she was old enough they made a drudge of her. After a while they moved away, and I never knew what became of her," and grandma sighed and looked out of the window.

After a long pause some one said, "Who was the next one?"

"The next one was a young English girl, about twelve, whose mother had died and been buried at sea. Her father came to Conneaut, poor, with a large family of children. I felt very sorry for them all, and especially this little girl, for I remembered how unhappy I was when my mother died. So I took her, and sent her to school until she was herself old enough to teach.

"She is an old lady now. She writes to me occasionally, and just a few days ago I received this letter, which shows that there is gratitude in the world."

Grandma felt in a very capacious pocket, and finally she began to pull out one thing after another: namely, eight letters, three handkerchiefs, five pieces of string, ten packages of flower seeds, some children's toys, a little candy, that was immediately distributed amongst the children, and a few nuts and raisins, that went the same way; but she did n't find the letter she wanted.

"Well," said grandma, "this is what she said: 'I've got your picture, and I often look at it and shed tears over it, and pray—for, aunt Emily, I still pray—that if we never meet again on earth we may meet in heaven. You took me, a poor, friendless, ignorant girl, and fed and clothed and schooled and made a woman of me, and daily I ask God to bless you.' She was a good girl," said grandma, "and I was always glad I took her."

The children stopped munching candy, the letter had so impressed them, and there was a pause, when some one spoke up and said, "Tell us about that funny old captain that was here the other day!"

"Well," replied grandma, "it was at this same time I met him, a ragged, hungry little boy, crying in the street, without a place to shelter him. I asked him what he was crying about, and when he told me I had to go and buy him some shoes and clothes, though I was not very rich myself, for I was teaching school and getting two whole dollars a week, — which was high wages in those times, let me tell you.

"I found a place for him where he could work for his board and go to school, and he told me the other day that if there was any good in him, it came from my influence over him that winter.

"The next spring I got him a place on Captain Shook's boat, and I don't remember ever seeing him again until a few days ago."

"Tell the children," said one of the aunties, "about the letters you got the other day, and then we'll let you go on to the children you wholly brought up."

Grandma got that letter out of her pocket, and after looking it over proceeded to read a few extracts, which were as follows:—

"'Aunt Emily took up a poor boy thirtyfive years ago, who was earning sixteen dollars per month, and how she has stuck to him from that day to this! What would have become of the boy or his family had not aunt Emily lifted him up? But for her moral plane and its influence on me I should almost be afraid to leave this world: as it is, I am not. M—— told me that the very first letter he wrote in the Postmaster-General's office was one to aunt Emily. Well he might, — aunt Emily made him Postmaster-General. Meantime, remember now and always that on this earth, beyond his wife and children, there is no one so dear to him as aunt Emily."

Though the children didn't understand all of this, the grown-up people did, and one of them remarked that here was another case where gratitude was not wanting.

"Yes," said grandma, "this is a pretty good world, after all. The people that I have been good to have almost always ap-

preciated it. I've many other letters that I could show you, but I've laid them away so carefully that it would take me some time to find them; and after all said and done, I believe I was to tell about the children I had brought up."

"Yes," put in one of the aunties, "but we wanted to know about the children you pretty near brought up, too; and as they came first, we wanted to hear of them first."

In the mean time I overheard one of the mammas saying to one of the children, "But that is n't half - or rather a hundredth part — of the people grandma has helped. I know a millionaire and president of a big railroad who says that but for aunt Emily he would have been a poor plodder all his days; and another millionaire and business man, who, though he has been ungrateful to her, would not have amounted to much if she had not sent him to school a year, and got him a place in her brother's employ; and a young doctor whom she helped through college, and who bids fair to shine in the profession; and hosts of others. But grandma is waiting."

Here grandma looked up, and remarked, "What is that you are saying?"

"Oh, nothing much," said the mamma; "only supplementing your story a little."

"Oh!" said grandma. "Well, Bolivar, Laura, and Ada were the first three children that came to me and stayed until they married or died.

"Bolivar was the son of old friends who had died, and what little property they had disappeared amongst creditors, and the children were left to take care of themselves. Bolivar had been bound out to a man who treated him badly, and when I saw him, ragged, dirty, and half starved, I told father I'd like to take that boy.

"We were living at Bois Blanc at that time, and father thought it would be a good thing to have a boy of ten about the house; so we took him.

"About the same time a little cousin of mine, whose health was rather delicate, came to spend the winter with me, to see if the clear air of the upper lakes would not restore it. We grew so fond of each other, and she became so well, that she lived with me always after that, — or rather until she was married.

"Sallie's eldest daughter came to stay with me awhile, and as her mother's health was delicate, and she died a few years after, she too lived with me until she was married.

"So after the loneliness of the first few years at Bois Blanc I had three children to care for; and as there were no schools on the island, I had to educate them also, and our time passed away pleasantly in study, work, and play.

"Bolivar and Laura were very near of an age, and they were companions for each other; but Ada was four or five years younger, and was rather lonely, for she had left at her father's home three little sisters and a brother.

"I remember I made her a great big doll, as large as a baby, and as I could n't get a china head for it, I painted a face on the cloth head, dressed it throughout in clothes that could be taken off and put on, and after it was all done I showed it to her for the first time, and asked her if she would like that dollie.

"Her face beamed with delight. She took it, looked at its face and its clothes, and then she hugged it hard, kissed it a dozen times, and finally burst into a passion of tears, holding her dollie close to her heart.

"I took her in my arms and comforted her, and we talked a long time about the dear ones at home, and I told her we should go and see them some day. But always after that her dollie was the great delight of her heart, and she would dress and undress it, and put it to sleep, and treat it in every way as if she was a grown-up woman and the dollie was her child.

"It was a fine place to bring up children; their cheeks were like roses, and they grew and thrived like the evergreen trees.

"Ada had been with me three years, and by this time father and I had gone to Newport to live, when Sallie came to us for a few months with Florence, a little mite of a girl."

"That was mamma," said Portie, and the children looked at her as if they could n't imagine her a little girl.

"Yes," said grandma, "that was mamma. A few months after a little boy was born, and as Sallie was never well enough to take care of her children, after that I kept Florence and the baby. So then, you see, I had five children.

"But I lost two of them shortly after by death," and grandma drew a long sigh.

"The baby was a beautiful child, with great blue eyes and golden hair, and I loved him as if he was my very own. He died when he was a year old, and in his last sickness, which was a long one, he wanted no one to hold him or care for him but me.

"I had a great deal to do that summer. Bolivar was sick with his last illness, and father had a long tedious illness, and my hands and my heart were full of work and care.

"I had been sitting up every night for weeks, but this particular night Eber said I should not sit up, I must sleep; for if I did not sleep I would be sick, and then who would take care of the sick ones? So some one took the baby, and I went up-stairs to try to sleep.

"But I could not sleep; the moans of that dear child rang in my ears, and if I fell into a nap I would wake right up again. Finally I could stand it no longer. I got up and took the baby, and told the watchers to go to bed.

"I saw, as soon as I looked at the child, that life was almost over for him. He seemed comforted and soothed as soon as I took him, and gazed at me with a look of love that almost broke my heart.

"About twelve o'clock the change came, and without a struggle his dear spirit took its flight. When the breath had ceased I closed his eyes, and stooping over gently kissed the sweet lips. As I did so the tears that streamed from my eyes bathed his face, and I sobbed aloud.

"Then those heavenly blue eyes opened, and he gave me such a look of love and peace and joy as if he would say, 'Auntie, do not mourn for me; I have gone from pain to happiness, from death to life, and I love you always;' then they closed again.

"Oh," said grandma, "I have always thought he came back to comfort me, for a

great peace came into my heart, and I knew 'that it was well with the child.'"

The children looked awe-stricken at grandma as she wiped the tears from her eyes.

"Not many months after that Bolivar died, and though I felt his loss keenly, I did not feel it as I did the baby's.

"I don't know, but it does n't seem to me that any mother could love her child more than I did that one."

Here grandma looked so worn and tired out that the mammas sent the children out to play, while grandma leaned her head upon her hand and seemed lost in thought.





GRANDMA'S CHILDREN (Concluded).

HE next day the children were unusually eager for the rest of the story, and as Nellie and Johnnie and Pamelia, children from a distance, were spending a week or two with grandma, and Eber and Clara and Mabel were over from uncle Eber's house, and Clarence and Frank, little Emily's older brothers, were there, there was great confusion at first as to where they should all sit. But that being arranged satisfactorily, grandma adjusted her spectacles and laid down her pen, settled herself in her easy-chair, and continued:—

"About four years after this Laura was married and went to Brooklyn to live, and so I had but two children left out of the five, — Ada and Florence. That very year their father died, and the four little children that had stayed with him were alone.

"I wanted to take them all, but their aunts and uncles on their father's side wanted to keep them themselves. After a while I got the youngest one by process of law, and Florence and I went down to Pennsylvania to bring her home; and very proud I was of both of them."

Here the children looked around to see which auntie that was, and straightway guessed auntie Frank.

"Yes," said grandma, "that is the one; she had blue eyes, and Florence had black eyes, and they both had cheeks like roses. I thought nobody had any prettier little girls than I had. I used to dress them just alike, and as they were very near of a size people would take them for twins.

"They were called auntie's 'little girls' by everybody, until they got to be young ladies and long after, in distinction from their older sisters, who, when they were a little older, came to me of their own accord. So again I had five children, Sallie's daughters.

"The last one had hardly time to get settled when my sister Abba died, leaving an infant son and four other children, and I took them all. So now I had ten children of my own."

"Yes," said one of the aunties, "besides relays of children from everywhere. I can remember eight other children, who at different times stayed a year or so at our house and went to school. After we got older we thought it was a great bother, and we used to say amongst ourselves that auntie kept a free hotel; though we never mentioned to auntie that we did n't approve of so much promiscuous charity."

It was aunt Frank who said that; she always would say those things when she happened to think of them; but what aunt Mollie could n't say on the subject was n't worth saying.

"Well," resumed grandma, "that baby boy was the delight of all our hearts, and he was petted and loved by everybody. His name was Orville."

"Oh, uncle Orville!" cried the children. "Was he that baby?"

"Yes," said grandma, "but I used to call him 'auntie's rosebud,' for he was a real rosebud of a baby; and when he got to be three or four years old and wore a Scotch cap, as was the fashion in those days, one of the girls made him a velvet cap, and embroidered 'Auntie's Rosebud' on it."

"Yes," said Orville, who had come in during the latter part of the story, "and if I knew the girl that did it, I'd shake her out of her boots. I had more fights about that than a few, for when I got to be a great big homely freckled boy, the street boys would shout, 'There's auntie's rosebud!' wherever I appeared, until I had to fight them to make them shut up their mouths."

Here they all laughed, and the doctor—for baby Orville is a dignified doctor now, and his freckles have disappeared—laughed too, at the recollection.

"There was n't any school in Newport, at that time, but the common district school," resumed grandma; "so your uncle Eber built a school-house, and we hired a teacher, so that the children could be educated at home. Any of the village children could go by paying a small tuition fee, and here the children got the most of their education."

"Oh, grandma," said one of the mammas, "I believe we could tell better stories about that school than you can."

"I dare say," said grandma; "but as the teacher was the head of the school, and I was the head of the teacher, I had a great deal to do about it, and very little of importance occurred that I did n't know about.

"The school-house had a finer room for the children to sit in than any I ever saw. It was arched, fifteen feet high at the sides, the centre of the arch being much higher, with very large windows, which gave plenty of ventilation. It was called the academy, for academical studies were pursued there, and there was always a college graduate as teacher."

"Yes," said one of the aunties, "we studied chemistry, astronomy, physiology, philosophy, and Latin, besides all the common branches; we had charts for everything, and that was before the day when charts were common; and I learned every bone and muscle in the human body before I was thirteen, and I can remember one of them."

"What is it?" cried the children.

"Sixty-one, sixty-one; the bifurcation of the tendon of the superficial flexor muscle of the little finger," said the auntie. Whereat they all laughed.

"There is one thing," said this same auntie: "when we went away to school, we passed into classes with young people three and four years older than we were."

"These years," said grandma, "were the busiest of my life. I had my family of ten children to look after, and very often two or three of Eber's children, and sometimes one or two others, and my invalid father to see to.

"I superintended the fitting out of the steamboats, and it was in this way I came to have a real interest in the business; for uncle Sam and Eber both promised me that if I would superintend the work I might have the difference between what it cost them if I did it and what it would cost them if an upholsterer did the same.

"The difference was estimated at about five thousand dollars for the larger boats, and less for the smaller ones. I was to have it in boat stock, and you can easily see that, with the large fleet of boats they possessed, it would have amounted to a large sum.

"Besides, the boats paid very large percentages on their capital stock. One year their net earnings were a thousand dollars a day for six months."

Here the children burst out with a variety of questions. "Did you get the stock?" "What became of it?" while grandma picked up a stitch in her knitting and calmly went on:—

"But as I was saying, doing the work I did brought me in contact with all the poor of the village, who looked up to me as a kind of mother. If any of their children were sick, they would send for me first and the doctor afterwards; if they had family troubles of any kind, I was called to adjust them.

"The truth is, Newport at that time was controlled almost entirely by uncle Sam and Eber, who in one way and another employed nearly all the men and women in the place. There was n't a drop of whiskey sold there for many years, because uncle

Sam and Eber would not give any one employment who drank, so you may be sure it was a prosperous town. In fact, since then many of the men they used to employ have become rich, some of them millionaires.

"After a long illness, when Orville was eighteen months old, my father died; but I had taken charge of everything for so many years that affairs went on just as they had done before. Still I missed his companionship and counsel.

"Ever since my mother's death I had felt as if I must attend to his wants, so I think I had a different feeling for him than most daughters have for their parents."

"How did he look, grandma?" said Pamelia.

"Oh, he was a tall, slender, handsome man, with blue eyes and brown hair. He was a great reader, and during the last years of his life he cared for nothing so much as his garden and his books and politics.

"I didn't bring up my children in the wishy-washy style that is considered fashionable," said grandma, with a slight elevation of her head, as if she was prepared

for objections. "I dressed them plainly, I had them taught to work, and I would n't let them go gadding about, wasting their time."

"No, indeed!" said one of the aunties. "We got so we would n't ask to go out walking, for grandma would immediately say, 'Oh, ho! you need exercise, do you? Well, the onion bed needs weeding, and you can get a little fresh air weeding that;' or if the onion bed was all right, then it was the beet bed, or the carrot bed, or the strawberries."

"Yes," said Orville, "or if it was a boy who asked, the woodpile had to be attended to, or the cabbages or potatoes hoed, or the horses must be looked after."

"Or," said one of the older aunties, "there would be some room that needed cleaning, or cake to be baked, or some poor or sick body to be visited."

Here everybody was roaring with laughter, and grandma laughed till she cried.

"Well," she said, "I was n't going to bring up a lot of lazy, worthless boys and girls that were n't worth their salt, and I did n't," she said triumphantly. "Each one of them had his or her regular work to do besides their studies and their play, and you can't deny that you had plenty of play."

"No!" they all cried in chorus.

"We lived right on the bank of the most beautiful river in the world, and in summer you had row-boats and sail-boats, and you went in bathing, and we had horses and a carriage; in winter you went skating and sleigh-riding all that was good for you, and we had plenty of company."

"I should say we did!" remarked aunt Mollie; and everybody laughed again, for aunt Mollie just doted on having company — go away.

"And I believe you were as happy a lot of children as ever grew up."

"That is so," they all said, "and no children ever had a better mother they knew."

"I did my best for you," said grandma, "but nobody is perfect.

"But all of these times passed away," resumed grandma with a sigh; "four of the children were married and gone, one had died after a lingering illness, one had gone with his father, and one was away at school, and the family was quite a small one for me, when one morning a poor, ragged, dirty little boy came to the house and wanted to see me.

"When I said to him, 'My little man, what do you want?' he said, with an appealing look in his big blue eyes, 'Aunt Emily, you take all good children; I wish you'd take me.'

"The expression of his face and the tone of his voice won my heart immediately, but I did n't make up my mind really to adopt him for some time. I told him he might stay and work in the garden, if he wanted to; but he was such a good boy, and Orville, who was near his age, grew so fond of him, that finally I took him as one of the family, educated him, and now he is a promising lawyer."

"I know who it is!" exclaimed Golden-Hair. "It's uncle Theo."

Grandma said, "Yes," and the children looked as if that was just what they thought, and grandma went on: "And now they are grown up, and all are married but aunt

Mollie; and I will say that I have great reason to be proud of my children.

"Life would be very lonely without them and the grandchildren," and she looked at their rosy faces with pride and affection; "and no very own children could be better to their own mother than most of my children are to me."





UNCLE EBER TELLS A STORY.



UST as grandma concluded her story a latch-key clicked, the hall door opened, and in walked uncle

Eber.

His little son Eber and Portie were soon in his lap, and the children, each and all, crowded around him, and asked him to tell a story,—"that grandma had been telling a story about when she was a little girl, and would n't he tell a story about when he was a little boy."

Uncle Eber's eyes twinkled merrily, for there was nothing he liked better than to be surrounded and overpowered by a host of little children; but he said "he could n't at that moment think of anything that did happen to him when he was a little boy."

"Well," said one of the aunties, "tell about how you lost your first vessel, and how you came near failing in business in consequence. I used to like to hear you tell that story when I was a little girl."

"That," said uncle Eber, "was a long time ago, when I was a young man and had just started in business for myself. I was part owner of the schooner Harrison, and the captain of her. Uncle Sam was the other owner, and it was the first of our partnership.

"The vessel was a beauty, and as I walked her decks I suppose I was as happy as a young man of twenty-five, with plenty of hope and a good business, could well be.

"This trip we had a heavy freight for Mackinaw and Green Bay and Chicago, then a little town of about a thousand inhabitants. I owned most of the cargo, and expected to make a big profit on it.

"We had a good trip; the weather was fine, with good winds, until we got into Lake Michigan, when a heavy wind-storm came up that in twelve hours became a perfect gale.

"We reefed and close-hauled the sails at first, and afterwards took down the mainsails, and went scudding along at a furious rate with almost bare poles. Up to this time I had not anticipated any disaster. I knew where we were, and with the wind in the quarter it was nothing could happen to us unless the rudder broke.

"But when we were off Whitefish Point, suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, the wind veered to the east and blew harder than ever, and great black clouds poured down rain in torrents, and the thunder and lightning were fearful to witness.

"The waves leaped and roared and tossed their white manes, and threw themselves upon our laboring ship as if they meant to destroy her.

"Every stitch of canvas was lowered, and I myself held the helm; but in half an hour after the fury of the storm burst upon us I could see that unless the wind changed we were lost; that we were drifting helplessly on to the coast, and my precious boat would be battered to pieces, her cargo lost, and perhaps the crew also.

"But there was nothing to do but get the small boats in readiness, keep her helm right, and wait for results. "They were not long in coming. About midnight we could hear the surf booming on the beach, and two hours later, in spite of all our efforts, the ship struck; and while the waves, one after another, were rolling over her, we launched the yawl boat, and the crew and I managed to get into it and clear the ship.

"How we contrived to get ashore I could never tell. The boat was constantly full of water, and when it went down into the trough of a sea it seemed miraculous that it should ever rise again. But somehow or other the winds and the waves deposited us on the shore, and we found shelter in a fisherman's cabin.

"The next morning the sun was shining brightly, and the wind had fallen; and but for the turbulence of the waves, that could not be so quickly stilled, you would not have known that there had been a storm.

"But there was my ship, what was left of her, beached, broken, a wreck, her cargo scattered to the four winds, and I a ruined man.

"I went to Detroit to try to fix up mat-

ters, but I had no money. Uncle Sam had lost so much he could n't advance any. I could n't borrow any, for my securities were all under the waters of Lake Michigan; my notes would soon be due, and if I could n't meet them I was a doubly ruined man, for my credit would be gone.

"I think I suffered more in those few weeks than I have over all the other business disasters I ever had.

"One morning I got up, after a sleepless night, and thought I would go fishing. I always hated fishing, — thought it was the occupation of a lazy man; but this morning I said to myself, If my hands are busy, perhaps I can think over my affairs better, and contrive some way to get out of my embarrassments.

"So I got some fishing tackle, and was walking down Jefferson Avenue, my head hanging, and in a very melancholy frame of mind, when a hand touched my shoulder and a friendly voice said, 'What in the world is the matter with you, Eber? I have shouted your name three times, and you have n't heard. Come back to my hotel; I've got

something for you from Emily and your father.'

"My heart leaped at the friendly voice and words, and I went back with him. When we got to his room, he closed and locked the door, opened his valise, and took out a big package and gave me — what do you think?"

The children could n't think, though they tried hard.

"He gave me fifteen hundred dollars that Emily and father had made, though Emily sent the most of it.

"They had sent it to me, for they had heard of the loss of the ship and cargo, and thought I might be in need of money.

"I am not ashamed to say that, when I got that money, tears that I could not control rolled down my cheeks, — tears of joy at the unexpected relief, and because my heart was so full of love and gratitude to the dear ones who had given it."

Here grandma furtively wiped her eyes.

"Small as you may think the sum was, it paid my debts and upheld my credit.

"I was not afraid of losses if I could

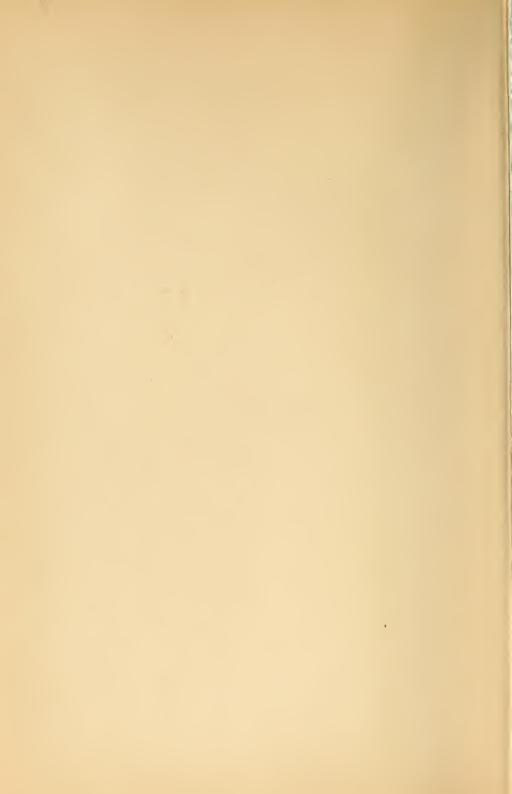
only keep my credit good. But for Emily I never should have had that fifteen hundred dollars, and what I could have done without it I have never liked to think about.

"Come," said uncle Eber to his little son, "mamma is expecting us by this time."

And so across the street they went to the "other house," while Golden-Hair said, "Grandma, were you that Emily?" and grandma said, "Yes."













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